

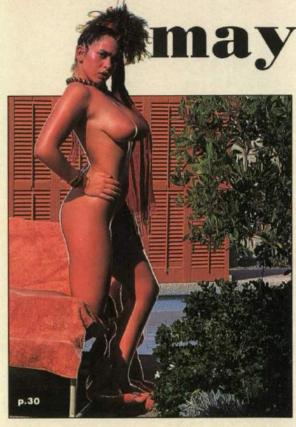


HUSTLER

VOLUME 13 NUMBER 11

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USTLER Delivers



HUSTLER is definitely the top men's magazine if you're looking for sharp, clear photography of attractive, openly displayed women; hard-hitting coverage of topics the rest of the press shies away from; and the ballsiest, most outrageous political, social and sexual humor in the world. To top off the benefits of subscribing to HUSTLER, you can get a FREE* hat displaying the famous HUSTLER Beaver logo if you act now for a subscription of six months or longer.

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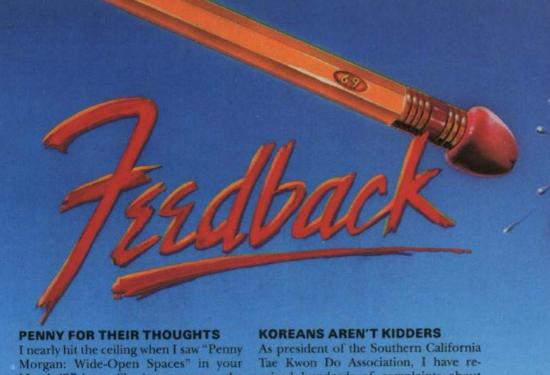
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HUSTLER MAY 1987 VOLUME 13 NUMBER 11

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Cover photo by Clive McLean



March '87 issue. She is outrageous-the dream come true of any man. I have never seen such a sexy pussy in my life. I'd like to congratulate James Baes for his outstanding photographs. -H. L.

New York, New York

I've been a subscriber for a year-anda-half. Before my incarceration the last two years, I never looked at any porn books because I had all kinds of real pussy to look at, suck and screw until I had skinned all the skin off my log. That sweet, hot Penny Morgan cowgirl centerfold shows one excellent piece of ass. And "Sondra: American in Paris" shows that James Baes really knows how to zoom in on that pussy. I love it!

-R. D. **Union Correctional** Raiford, Florida

SHAKING FOR CHA-CHA

Congratulations on the February '87 issue-your photography is the best, and the poses are so natural. More, please, of Candi Evans, who displays the loveliest of mounds-not huge, but beautifully shaped and clean-shaven. Also, I loved your covergirl, Cha-Cha, who was also in the centerfold, but I would have liked to have seen her cunt without her fingers opening the labia. Great feature article on supernatural sex ("Out of This World Sex") too. -P. H.

New York, New York

The best is here at last: The February '87 edition centerfold of "Cha-Cha: Beach Ball" is one of the best HUSTLER has ever put out, and I've been reading HUSTLER for the past eight years.

-V. C. Natchitoches, Louisiana ceived hundreds of complaints about your pictorial entitled "Karate Kidders" in the February '87 issue of HUSTLER. You depict the Korean national flag in the background of lesbian conduct. Also, you show the participants wearing Tae Kwon Do uniforms with the high rank of red belt. This idea is offensive to Korean people and is especially offensive to persons interested in Korean martial arts.

Los Angeles, California

Those "Karate Kidders" were something else. They came around just in time to encourage my other half to stick with practicing the martial arts. Keep up the good work, and come up with that kind of pho-



Penny Morgan: Wide-Open Spaces

tography that shows some bitches like myself who work their asses off to try to get and stay in shape to have a body that's worth showing off.

Sacramento, California

HONEY FOR BEAVERS

Thanks for bringing us horny people the best beavers in the U.S.A. When I got my March '87 issue, as usual I first turned to Beaver Hunt. When I saw Brittany of Memphis, my mouth got wet and my dick -E. F. got hard. Chicago, Illinois

Nikki, in your February '87 Beaver Hunt, is gorgeous. My dick gets hard when I look at her pussy. New York, New York

A few years back, when I was at Ft. Mc-Clellan, Alabama, I knew a girl named Nikki who is a dead-ringer for the Nikki in your February '87 Beaver Hunt. I always wanted to fuck her, but never did. Maybe if you show more of her, I could at least fantasize about fucking her.

-Sgt. J. F. Ft. Campbell, Kentucky

Tracy, in your February '87 Beaver Hunt, knocked my eyes out of my head, and my dick out of my pants. I've been reading HUSTLER for nine years now, but this made me finally decide to subscribe. I sure hope you do a full spread on this babe. -]. G.

Newark, Delaware

Eighteen-year-old Marie of Houston, in your February'87 Beaver Hunt, has a very pretty pussy; you can see her lips folded back and ready. I'm really glad she's partly shaven. Such a view, and a tight little -J. L. North Tonawanda, New York bunghole too!

ILLUSTRATING OUR CLASS

Your February '87 issue has two great color illustrations that are unusual, wild and beautiful. The first is for the article "Out of This World Sex." The picture is very intriguing, and I love the way it's drawn. The other picture is the art for the fiction "Fangs." It is fabulous. Both pictures have been framed and now hang in my bedroom. Let me know when you'll have more drawings like this. -C. B. Baltimore, Maryland

HUSTLER is one of the few magazines in any field that offers full-color illustrations each month. Alex Ebel, who provided "Out of This World Sex," is sought after for illustrations in encyclopediae and textbooks; and Dellorco, who did "Fangs," is one of Los Angeles's top commercial artists.

ASSHOLE-BLASTS

Thank you for standing up to the Catholic Church and naming Andrew Christian Andersen the Asshole of the Month (March '87). In the 11 years I was forced to go to Catholic school, I met many nuns and priests of questionable character. In my opinion, sexual repression causes more sex crimes than pornography.

Camarillo, California

I read your comments on ex-football great Jim Brown in your January '87 issue of HUSTLER. As a black man, I do not agree with Brown's violent behavior toward his girlfriend, but the writer-who I presume is white-thought he could let out a racial slur by calling Brown "nappyheaded." The Black Muslims warned us that not all liberals are our friends, and that white Hollywood liberals are the type that justify their sneaky racism by overexposing blacks' shortcomings. These aren't true white liberals like Kennedy, Humphrey, or Roosevelt. Open your eyes to the fact that Jim Brown may rather have his lamb's wool than to have your blond collie dog-hair. -S. T.

Greenville, South Carolina

This year Christmas packages were reinstated in the federal prison system. Each inmate was allowed 15 pounds of foodstuffs from relatives and loved ones. Apparently, the administration reversed its decision because of all the bad press it received. One can't help but feel that the naming of Bureau of Prisons director

Norman Carlson as Asshole of the Month for not allowing Christmas packages was a factor in the reversal. That particular issue was banned from federal prisons, and became the most sought after and read issue by the inmates. Thanks for being there. -Name Withheld Pennsylvania

ARTICLES RESPONSE

The February '87 article "New Age Cults" by Scott Metzger should raise some eyebrows. His reference to Jehovah's Witnesses will undoubtedly put him under attack. I believe Metzger may be right in labeling Jehovah's Witnesses as a cult: If a religion is any good, you don't have to peddle it door-to-door. Claremont, New York

I've spent my whole life in a small Southern town. It's hard to get a copy of HUSTLER here, but I saw your January '87 issue and was shocked by your article "Sex Crimes." I couldn't believe these things were going on, and friends I showed the article to were also stunned. Thank you for bringing us this informa--R. M.

Hamilton, Alabama

IT IS TO LAUGH

You have the sickest jokes. Someone has to be ill in the mind to print the jokes you do. What did Christ ever do to you for you to make fun of Him? I hate your magazine, I hate your jokes, and I hope they ban you off the shelves. By the way, God loves you! APO, New York

The first time I read a HUSTLER, I thought it was disgusting. The jokes are really crude, and Most Tasteless Cartoon is the worst. I may think some of the material is disgusting, but I don't think I've missed an issue in the year-and-a-half I've been reading your magazine! -J. L.

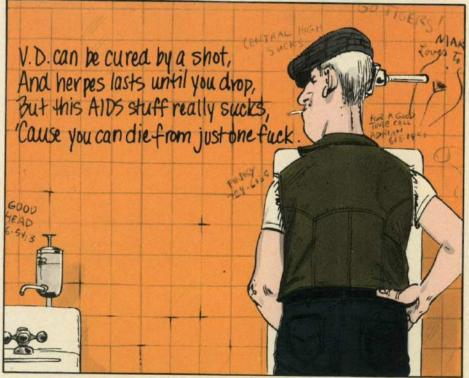
Sterling, Colorado

HONG KONG DONGS

I just want to tell you how much my chums and I enjoy every issue we can lay our hands on here in Hong Kong. Although HUSTLER isn't available at most newsstands because of government censorship, we have your February '87 issue. and as usual it has lived up to our high expectations. Nothing is wasted, and it's top value for the money. -A. K.

North Point, Hong Kong

Do you have a comment, suggestion or complaint? We want to hear it. Send your letters (typed or neatly handwritten) to Feedback, HUSTLER, 2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, CA 90067-3054. Please include a phone number if you want your letter considered for publication.



THANK AND \$50 TO OUR CONTRIBUTOR



BUSTED

Kathy is one of the nurses in "B" unit: Maybe it's called that for boobs. I swear all the nurses are endowed with big D-cup smashers. If you're ever passing through Fargo, North Dakota, and get sick, check out the babes in B unit. Kathy's the best of the bountiful bunch. She has dark brown hair, a teasing smile, and I envy the male patients who get her bedside manner close-up.

I'm married-like Kathy-but I fool around like the rest of the staff. So much dicking and sucking goes on around here that one of the orderlies has nicknamed the place Genital Hospital. Most of the nurses are selective-of course, but there's a regular cock-caste system here. The R.N.s regularly get on their hands and knees for a doctor's dick, and will regularly spread for an intern. But by and large, most of them are standoffish to us guys on the cleanup crew. Save for Kathy, that is.

Whenever I'd see her in the hall, she'd stop to talk, asking about the family and all. I'd chat idly with her, but my eyes would be busy mentally undressing her, and wondering how full and fleshy those bodacious boom-booms must really be.

Curvaceous Kathy picked up on my interest more than once to give me the long once-over. I'm a guy who likes looking good; that's why I work out with weights and watch what I eat. I'm a sucker for hair pie as well as the sweet bon-bons on a lady's chest.

As luck would have it, I scored with Kathy. It was the end of the shift, and I was mopping the floor. She made her final rounds, and I could hear the men having a good laugh with the lady in white. She walked by me, wiggling her hips for my bone's benefit, and my stinger became stiffer than the mop handle. Her white uniform clung to her full, flaring hips, and she turned to smile at me one final time. I had to wipe the steamy sweat from my face.

I was about to call it a day and head for

home. I was surprised to see Kathy standing in the doorway of the maintenance room. "Hi," she purred. The sexy R.N. rested her weight on one leg, and those top-heavy tatas hung down halfway to her tummy. "May I come in?"

My prick was pondering the same proposition as her pussy pie. Kathy closed the door and locked it, making sure I caught that action. I also noticed the fashion in which she sauntered into my arms without saying a word. My flor-



ence Nightingale arched her head a little, waiting for me to kiss her. I slid my tongue past her teeth, sucking in her sweet breath. "You really excite me," she said, stepping back. "You make me feel so wet."

Kathy began to slowly unbutton her uniform. I didn't even wink, not wanting to miss a second. St. Jude strike me dead if she didn't have the biggest set of bazooms in North Dakota. Kathy's bra straps dug into her flesh as she unfastened her over-the-shoulder boulder holder. She looked down proudly, admiring her monster mams as they flopped into full view.

The snow-white mountains peaked with pointy nipples brought me right

where I wanted to be. I approached slowly, knowing I was standing before a goddess. "Go on and touch them," Kathy cooed. "Lick them, bite them. Nice and hard."

My teeth were a step ahead of her, and I devoured her pointing pebbles, swirling my tongue around those puffing pacifiers. Her tips hardened even more between my lips as I savored the sweaty flavor of her frontal lobes. Kathy pulled my hospital whites off and pushed into me with those flesh pillows. My dick was burning a hole in my drawers by then.

"Let me see your cock!" she said. I stepped back and stripped away. Kathy smiled seductively the whole time she undressed. Her white-cotton panties could not hide the dark patch of pussy pubes between her legs. I watched the panties peel away as her hot cunt flashed before me. Her curly hairs were glued together with love juices, and she dipped her finger into the sexy sauce. The naughty nurse brought the sticky digit to her boobs, then moistened her nipple with cunt cream. I took the bait like a Northern Pike.

The succulence of jewel-box juice on her mound meat added the right ingredient. I lathered her chest with kisses the whole time Kathy tugged at my tool, really turning on the heat. My sacks simmered with sperm the more she mauled my member.

Kathy nudged me backward until I flopped onto a metal chair. But with her presence before me, I was like a king on a throne. She kissed my face and neck, licking a wet trail all the way to my dick. Kathy then knelt between my legs and smiled. "I have a special way to make you come. Not only with my mouth, but with these."

Her doughy-white knockers cupped before my balls, and she pushed them into my prick. I watched the pink head of my hard-on disappear into those rolling hills. Kathy rubbed my rod with those glob stoppers, creating hot friction with the constant motion. I started pumping onto her chest as the knob of my club started to quiver with excitement.

Kathy's wet lips moved to my manhood, and she closed her mouth on my meat stick. Using her feathery fingers on my balls, juggling the juice down there, I moaned in a loud voice and told her I was about to pop the dork cork.

Her cheeks hollowed from deep sucking motions as the first sizzling drop wetted her tongue. But before my frank flowed, Kathy pulled away from my pecker and replaced her lips with those headlights.

That was right where my cock wanted to be, feeling the heat and friction she rubbed my way. I started creaming her chest with globs and globs. Kathy took a

deep breath and smiled. Her boobs looked beautiful with sticky sperm clinging to her chest. I felt like taking a picture. But I did something even better than capturing the moment with a photo–I hoisted her onto my lap and poked her pussy with my prick.

–J.T.

Fargo, North Dakota

CALIFORNIA CURLS

It was the best night of my life, and I'm still around to talk about it. Though now and again, I have to check between my legs to see if I'm still toting a tool. The girls really go for it in Los Angeles, and

they left me with a pair of sore nutbags and a mischievous grin I carried all the way back to Dayton.

It had been a few years since I'd seen my cousin, Phil. He'd left the comatose state of Ohio to try his hand in the music business, and he'd done well for himself as a session musician. He was in tight with the top honchos in the music field, and always asked me to visit him and check out the scene on the West Coast. I had some free time coming to me at the job; so I took him up on his offer.

The party was already well under way when I arrived. Phil has a nice home in the valley, and I think half of California was there to greet me. He hugged me and said, "Forget about the jet lag, man. Your cock's gonna feel like you've flown the Concorde."

Boy, was that was the truth! Everyone was loose and in the party mood. Most of the women were dressed only in smiles, and it was like stepping right into an adult movie. Long-legged blondes with voluptuous tits were in abundance, and so was the soft, curly strands of their California quims.

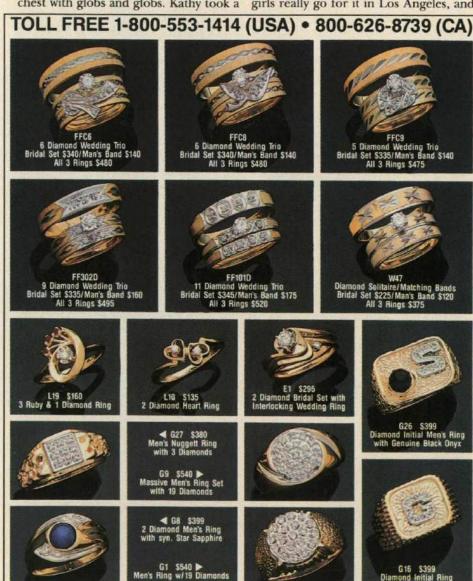
Phil disappeared to make sure the other guests were comfortable. Along the way, my cousin patted the bottoms of many lovely ladies, all in their early 20's with golden, ripe bodies.

"Well, hello," a beautiful blonde said as she approached me. Her name was Heather, and she was stacked. She had blue eyes and a forever smile that made my bone ache. "Phil told me to entertain you." She caught my pocket rocket wiggling in my pants. "But I think I'll be the one entertained."

Heather started dancing with me, pushing her pussy into my pecker. I felt out of place with my clothes on, but she helped me undress in an empty bedroom. Her pretty tits were white cream puffs, surrounded by an endless horizon of tanned flesh. I stared at those bouncing balls of flesh as Heather wiggled out of a skimpy bikini. My new friend had a sexy tattoo above her snatch, and asked me if I liked it. I loved it, all right-with my tongue. Falling to my knees, I clung to her hips and chewed on a few of her golden curls. With Heather humping her juicy hootch into me, I heard her say, 'Well, hello."

Looking up, I thought I was staring at the Doublemint twins. The young nymph beside Heather was completely nude, and introduced herself as a model or an actress or something. Who could remember? Heather introduced me to Dawn, and I wondered if any young women at the party had an old-fashioned name like Ruth or Mary.

I stood up to shake her hand, but (continuea on page 10)



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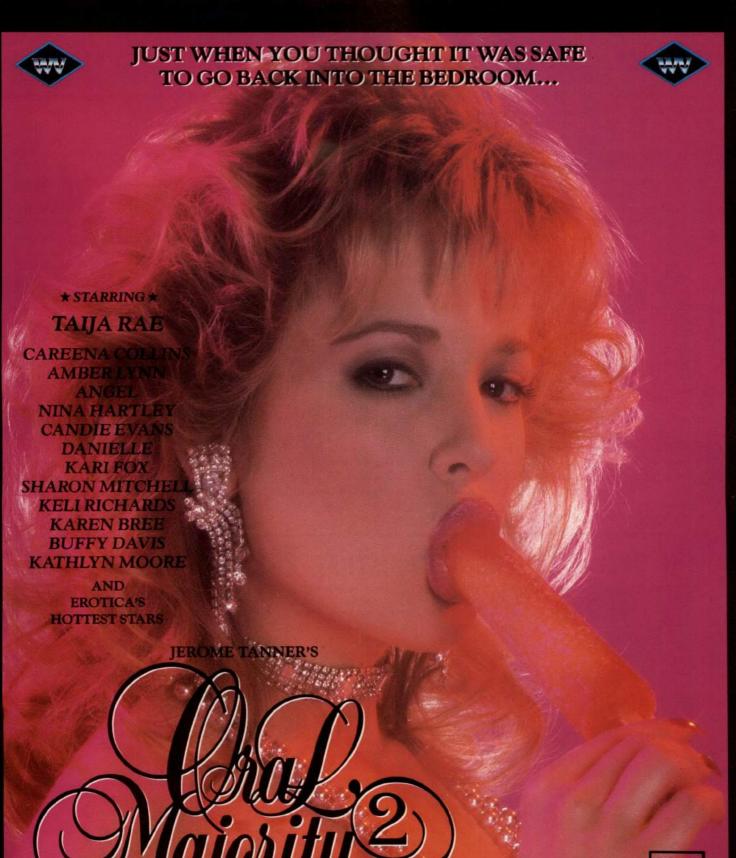
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THE BIG GULP.

Dawn's hand joined Heather's as the two of them pulled my prick. They offered their sweet lips, and I kissed one and then the other. They sandwiched me between their warm bodies and began bumping my hips with golden-haired happiness. Reaching down, I dug my fingers into their firm ass cheeks.

The room was now well-decorated; flesh on flesh with every sort of position and persuasion. One thing was certain: There wasn't any room left on the floor.

The three of us went outdoors and entered the impromptu nudie colony. People were fucking and sucking on the patio and in the pool, adding cum to chlorine. Heather took my hand and directed us to a spot in the grass. Dawn looked for a blanket, but soon scratched that idea: She preferred using me. "I can't wait to ride your rod, mister," she said.

I stretched out on my back and waited. Heather's juicy slot was above my face. She squatted and doused my nose and lips with snatch sauce before settling down. Hot pussy smothered me, and I started licking the honey from Heather's love hole. Then I felt Dawn at my dingo. She teased the top of my flesh pole with boiling pussy and pushed down with a vengeance-a hard thrust that brought me high in her tight, clenching cunt.

Dawn did it all, moving up and down on my greasy goober, while sobbing the whole time.

Heather squirted the juice into my mouth, and I reached up to squeeze her bodacious tatas. She placed her hands atop mine as I pressed pleasure onto her fleshy frontal lobes.

"Coming!" Heather screamed. "I'm coming in your mouth!"

She pounded my head into the ground with a frontal-face assault of rocking poontang. Dawn laughed at the antics, and loosened up a little with her gash. The sexy young thing settled onto my lap, watching Heather hump herself into the Pacific. I clawed Heather's supple thighs, and never stopped using my tongue on her. Pretty soon the poonpuree was pouring down my throat with full force.

Heather slid off me and kissed my sweaty forehead. "You're damn good," the beach bimbo told me. Then it was her turn to watch. I wanted Heather to see how well I swung the stick. Dawn could feel my rod ripping higher and higher in her hootch. I pumped steadily, feeling her twat muscles tightening. Dawn began to come, and I waited for her to peak. When her arms went limp and those blue eyes rolled in her head, I blasted high and tight a few final times.

Dawn collapsed on top of me, covering my face and neck with kisses. A minute later she rolled onto the grass, her gash belching sperm and pussy juice. Heather enjoyed the water-works display, and moved in on her friend's curly cunny. Heather then started to lap at the muffmilk, at the same time hoisting her hips skyward. I aimed my moisture-seeking missile at her pink tuna target and plunged into her hot hole.

Sometime during the feverish fuck festival, my cousin, Phil, strolled over and slapped me on the shoulder. He was glad I was having a good time, but reminded me to pace myself. The sun sets late in -R. J.

Dayton, Ohio

WATCHING US WANK

I've been a fan of Alfred Hitchcook movies since I was a little girl. After Psycho, I couldn't shower for weeks without someone else in the house. My favorite Hitch flick of all time, though, has to be Rear Window. I really got off on the voyeurism aspect of that movie, as Jimmy Stewart's character spies on his neighbors with his telephoto lens. Anyway, I want to share with fellow HUSTLER (continued on page 24)

THE ONLY BALDNESS REMEDY THAT



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ASSHOLE OF THE MONTH

How much would you pay to keep a TV evangelist alive? All we could muster for Oral Roberts was selection as Asshole of the Month.

This self-healing hemorrhoid on the bung of organized religion told viewers of his syndicated show that he got a death threat from God. As the deadline neared, Oral reported he'd received a heavenly reprieve, but that the contract is out until the gullible flock coughs up \$4.5 million that this cornhole for Christ insists is God's ransom demand.

A former faith healer who urged listeners to grab their radios to receive spiritual cures, Oral gave up laying on his greedy hands under fire from the medical community and mainstream religion. Oral couldn't lick 'em; so he joined 'em, jumping from humble Pentacostalism to upper-crust Methodism, and opening a university and medical school.

Although O.R.'s name is on everything, he claims each brick and brad of his \$250million City of Faith in Tulsa

Oral Roberts



Give Me That Prime-Time Religion, Jerry Sholes notes that nearly all of Oral's reported chit-chats with our Lord involved money. In one fundraising discussion—backed with a promised cancer breakthrough—Jesus set the size of the donation and devised an installment plan. Oral can accept Jesus' Jewish traits the way he accepts board memberships from banks and other material institutions.

This jabbering Jesus profiteer's pay-me-or-trade-me stance may stem from declining income due to a drastic drop in TV followers. ORU's God-ordered dental and law schools are silent, and the hospital regularly stands half-empty.

The man who claims he spoke to a 900-foot-tall Jesus now wants scholarship funds for med students, who'll then become Third World missionaries, spreading the kind of

healing and hypocrisy learned at an institution where dancing is prohibited, but major NCAA recruiting violations got the basketball team a oneyear probation.

Oral's latest holy head trip had one positive effect: Some TV stations have drawn the line at what borders on ecclesiastical extortion. Shows with the death threat were edited or replaced by brave broadcasters who saw not sermons but "hard-sell" fund-raising. All televised religithons deserve such scrutiny.

Sadly, Roberts pulled in as much as \$160,000 a day after holding himself hostage on TV. No matter how foolish his claims, or that one wristful of his jewelry could finance a Third World clinic, Roberts' monetary appeals strike the greed in mankind. Oral's sermonizing typically links financial support of his enterprises with a potential trickle-down effect of success for his supporters.

Assholes like Oral Roberts should trickle down the leg of society and get scraped off in the gutter once and for all.



The Boneheads at Home

es, it's time for another visit with America's most-loveable bachelor brothers, Dick and Peter Bonehead-even if they did come from "France." This week, an encounter with a local Girl Scout troop leads to big trouble: Dick manages to keep a stiff upper lip but, as usual, Peter really blows his top. It's hard to resist finding out what else is in their bag of tricks.



Hello? You prick! Oh, it's you.

I can still smell that shitty cologne you wear. I can't get it out of the sheets.

So, what'cha doing? Nursing my rope burns, you asshole. You didn't tell me you like to play rough.

Sorry I didn't say goodbye; but you looked so cute, lying there unconscious like that, I didn't have the heart to wake you. It was a night I'll never forget, my dear.

> Damn right, you won't. I gave you a little something to remember me by.

Wait a minute...

Congratulations, scumbucket, you've got the clap!

You bitch, I'll kill you! C'mon, what's a little dose between friends? When I get over there, I'll give you some real bruises!

Keep talking, lover boy. The cops should be at your place any minute. I told them all about that little cocaine stash of yours

What is remembered is none of our business

Maniacs Unmasked

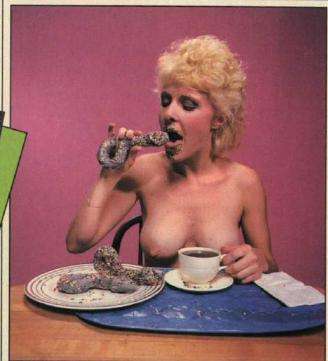
At the recent annual **HUSTLER** Christmas bash, we managed to gather in one place the sick cartoonists whose works have

graced, or defaced, our pages for so long. They are, from left to right, Dwaine Tinsley, John Billette, Eric Decetis, George Trosley and Dan Collins. So, if one of these guys ever asks you to let him draw a sketch, you'll know what's up.

Special Delivery



hen you absolutely, positively have to get laid overnight, there's Sexpress Male, the airporn stud service that delivers right to your box. Don't wake up with an empty slot-call the company that comes on time and keeps on coming. It sure beats licking stamps.



Dildonuts

ake up, all of you sleepy housewives, and take a big bite out of life, with Dong King Dildonuts-it's the sack snack for sadistic cracks. Hubby been treat-

ing you like shit lately? He'll think twice when he sees you dunk one of these babies in a steaming-hot cup of coffee. You'll appreciate the six delicious flavors, and he'll come to appreciate the Dildonut power of suggestion.





Sweet Stuff! I'm Tammy and I have lots of hot, sweet stuff to offer you. Love to do it all, and know how to please with my hot body. Travel all over; so send stamps for fast reply.

reply.

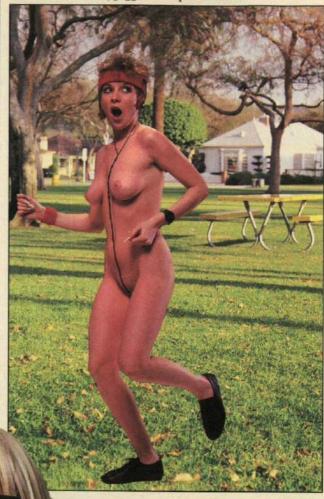
ur consumer-fraud division noticed this ad in the "Contacts" column of a recent Club magazine. If you do decide to get in touch with "Tammy," address your correspondence to the deadletter office-that's a photo of

porn actress Jennifer MacNeil, who committed suicide more than two years ago. Unless Tammy is a medium, you are unlikely to get a

Jogging Off not only listen to her favorite

t's the ultimate in sexercise technology-the Ben-Wa-Walkmate delivers a tune right to her poon. That's right, these state-of-the-art audio/vibrators allow a horny jogger to

not only listen to her favorite songs, but actually feel them throbbing in her crack as she hits the track. The Ben-Wa-Walkmate is cum-proof; so there's no danger of fatal electric shock during those highspeed climaxes.



Brain Food

orget about fish.

If you're a concerned parent and you want to feed your child a healthy and delicious snack that will go right to his or her head, there's nothing like good old gray matter on a stick. For hungry, discriminating youths, what could be a more intelligent choice?



* * Sex News Bits Final

2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, CA 90067-3054

May 1987

Everybody's in Show Biz

Council Grove, Kansas-Corky Woodward, the sheriff of Council Grove, has become quite a celebrity recently. It's his sexual exploits that have made him famous, in a 90-minute video that local folks call The Sheriff Rides Again. Woodward and his wife apparently were videotaping their sex play strictly for their personal viewing, but the absentminded sheriff forgot to remove the tape when he returned the rented camera and equipment. The next renter clearly knew he had a hit on his hands-some 200 copies of the tape are now in circulation. Woodward has refused to resign, despite the outrage of offended citizens.

Strip Sleaze

Denver, Colorado-You have to give credit for ingenuity to the aspiring flasher who called several women, identified himself as a stripper from the Chippendales nightclub, and explained that they'd won a

housecall from him as a prize in a drawing. None of the alleged "winners" allowed him to get very far with his act. One 16year-old girl, who described the guy as "real scroungy," refused to let him in. Chippendales management states that their performers don't make house calls.

Avoiding Vericose Veins

Brussels, Belgium-Participants at the Second World Congress of Whores held here received startling news at one assembly. Dr. Marjo Meyer of Amsterdam revealed that, in addition to unwanted pregnancies and sexually transmitted diseases, hookers commonly face another health risk-back problems. Meyer's conclusion stems from the position in which hookers spend most of their working hours.

What a Pear

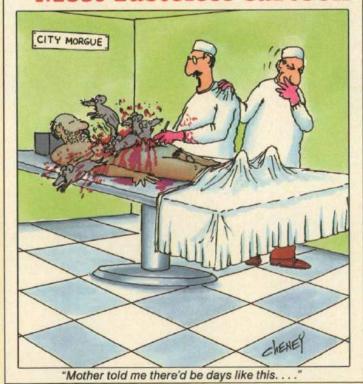
London, England-Been looking for a cheap, tasty aphrodisiac lately? According to Britain's Fresh Fruit and Vegetable Infor-

Porn From the Past



Is there some dirty old smut just sitting around your house? Why not share it with us at "Porn From the Past," HUSTLER Magazine, 2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, CA 90067-3054. We'll pay \$ 150 for any picture used. Please enclose a self-addressed stamped envelope if you want your stuff

Most Tasteless Cartoon



mation Bureau, you need look no further than the common pear, which is supposedly responsible for the reputation of the Italians as passionate lovers. They've probably known the secret of the pear since Roman times. The average Italian eats about 42 pounds of pears a year, compared to three pounds for the average Brit.

Tender Entrapment

Norrkoping, Sweden-Militant feminists in Sweden have adopted a new tactic. They now dress up as streetwalkers, then take down the license plate numbers of men who solicit them. Through vehicle-registration records they can then obtain names and addresses, which "Big Sister" publishes on posters all over town. The director of the local battered-wives shelter, for one, isn't knocked for a loop by the idea, because it might only add to the humiliation of wives whose husbands are cheating on them.

HUSTLER pays \$150 for each reader-sub-mitted Bits and Pieces item. In the event Contributors that two or more readers' submissions are used in one B&P item, the payment is \$50 for each submission. Larry Flynt Publications retains all rights to any material submitted, but we'll return any rejected material and original artwork (not including photos) on request if an SASE is enclosed. For this month \$150 goes to Pat Walton. HUSTLER's comments on pictures, people, trademarks and/or copyrighted material ("items") are only its opinion (frequently in the form of parody or satire) based solely on only those facts (including the pictures) disclosed. HUSTLER's use of such items is not authorized by the persons named and/or depicted by the trademark or copyright owners, and no such authorization should be inferred. Said commentary is printed for the purpose of educating our readers through social commentary, and not necessarily as a humorous feature designed to enhance our readership. 👟

15

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John Leslie.

3rd Feature: #XSF803 Fabulous TaTas starring Susan Nero, Kitty Nativity, Ooshy, Christy Cannons and Angie Sprinklers.

4th Feature: #XSF804 China Dolls starring Christara Bennington, Mai Lind and Kyoko.

5th Feature: #XSF805 The Story Of Oh! starring Sheri St. Claire, Sharon Mitchell, Constance Many, Annette Heaven, Ron Jeremy and

John Leslie 6th Feature: #XSF806 All American Women On Women starring Geor-

gette Spelvine, Annette Heaven, Lisa Delewd, and Lori Sand-

7th Feature: #XSF807 Insatiable Blondes & Blacks starring Billy Dee, Big Black John, Veronica Hard, Sereka and Rhonda Joe.

8th Feature: #XSF808 California Steamin' starring Jennifer West, Ginger Lind, Shanna Grand and Candy Sampler.



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resturertes (All Male). \$19.95 XMO-501 Voyeur's Dream—6 hunks going it alone. (All Male) \$19.95 XMP-504 Black On Black—Interracial cast of 70 (All Male). \$24.95

(Ali Male). \$24.95
XVH-238 Barroom Buddies—5 features: Bald Bubba, College Roommates, Black On White, more (Ali Male). \$19.95
XVH-237 Wet & Wild Stallions—Daniel Holt, Gerald the Giant, Blondie, (Ali Male). \$24.95
XVH-217 Autobiography Of A Flea—Jean Jennings & John C. Holmes. \$24.95
XGT-115 Women Who Love Women—Rhonda JoPetty, Monique Perry (Ali Female). \$19.95
XVH-232 Women in Passion—Vanessa, Jean Dalton, Tina Russel (Ali Female) \$24.95
XBT-102 Women in Love—10 beauties in 5 hot

Dailon, Tina Russel (All Female) \$24.95
XBT-102. Women in Love—10 beauties in 5 hot featurettes (All Female) \$19.95
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XGR-105 Lady Friends—Rachael and her sensuous friends (All Female) \$19.95
XGT-108. Women's Fantasies—Danielle, Annie Owen, K.C. Valentine (All Female) \$19.95
XEX-108 Star Women—Seka, Lori Smith, Desiree Lane (All Female) \$24.95
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XTV-102 TV Orgy—Brigitte, Erick and company (TV) \$29.95

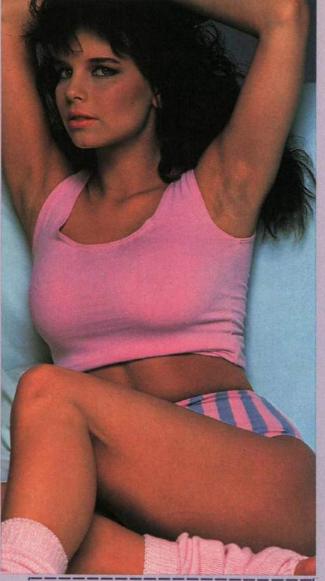
(1V) \$29.95 XBL-104 19 Best of Caballero—Best of Dixie Ray: Hollywood Star, Centerspread Girls, 17 more. \$19.95 XBL-101 Blockbuster Cinema Collection—Best of Debbie Doses Datlas II, Amanda By Night, Seka's Fantasies, 14 more. \$19.95

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XMS-606 The Coming of Joyce-Deborah Penson, Bill Adams, \$19.95 -Erica Haven,

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Seka, \$24,95
XMS-903 Oral Delights—Seka, John Holmes, Annette Haven. \$24,95
XMS-913 Potpourri of Sex—Seka, Annette Haven, John Holmes. \$24,95
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X-RATED FILMS

Edited by Doug Oliver

Millions of adults watch X-rated movies; yet most publications have constantly ignored the obvious need to inform the public as to which films are ripoffs and which ones aren't. HUSTLER's reviews of hard-core erotic films have long been regarded as the yardstick of the industry. We take this function seriously, and we'll continue to keep you abreast of the latest adult-film releases, and also do our best to spur porn producers on to even better productions.

Unveiled

Three-Quarters Erect. Produced by Suze Randall; directed and written by Victor Nye; starring Krista Lane, Erica Boyer, Mike Horner, Jake Scott, Alexis Greco, Patti Petite, Jason Riley, Taija Rae, Billy Dee, Francois Papillon and Nikki Knights. Running time: 80 minutes.

Unveiled is one of those films that has a story riddled with contradictions, has unclear situa-

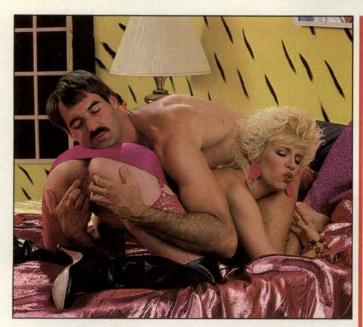


Krista Lane tongues national treasure Erica Boyer's torso in Unveiled.

tions and noticeably cuts some corners to save on budget—and then convinces us to disregard these faults by giving us Alexis Greco in lingerie, Patti Petite wrapping her esophagus around a cock, Krista Lane screwing her head off and Erica Boyer. Period. Boyer has made hundreds of videos, but few films—any chance to see this national treasure on the big screen shouldn't be missed.

The plot revolves around two lawyer buddies (Mike Horner and Jake Scott) who, bored with their wives (Lane and Boyer), titillate their libidos with new nookie. (Here's one of the contradictions: The men justify their cheating by saying that their wives are frigid or chronic headache sufferers, but every time we see the women, they're horny and ready for action.)

Horner gets his rocks off-in an excellently photographed scene-with hooker Petite, who gives him a sizzling blowjob and a truly inspiring fuck. Scott puts the make on his gorgeous secretary (Greco) by asking out of the blue if she'll take off her skirt so he can see her butt "unencumbered." Greco agrees to Scott's request, but won't give in to his next request-to bone her box-unless



Hooker Patti Petite's cunt is Unveiled by cheatin' Mike Horner.

he wears a condom. Afterward, rather than toss the used rubber in the trash where the office janitor might find it, Scott slips the scumbag into his coat pocket for disposal later. Naturally, he forgets, and Boyer finds it.

This discovery leads to a chain of events that includes a steamy femme-fuck between Boyer and Lane, wife-swapping and the ladies' revenge in a swing club where masks are part of the *un*-dress code: The disguised wives fuck a couple of studs under their husbands' noses, then give the drooling barristers the fuck of their lives, tie them up, unmask and set off to find more cock while the helpless hubbies howl.

Except for a butt-fuck that's too shadowy to see, the camera work is state-of-the-art erotic, and the close-ups are riveting. The acting is fairly good, and the sex is consistently hot. The movie's story is its main weakness, but with Erica slamming those tits around, you'll probably lose track of the plot . . . the time . . . maybe even your name.

-Doug Oliver

Dirty Dreams

Three-Quarters Erect. Produced and directed by Jerome Bronson; written by Will Kelly; starring Stacey Donovan, Eric Edwards, Amber Lynn, Paul Thomas, Tracey Adams, Jerry Butler, Elaine Southern, Peter North, Kristara Barrington, Rick Savage, Penny Morgan, Tom Byron, Jessica Wylde and Randy West. Running time: 80 minutes.

Dirty Dreams is about magazine publishers Eric Edwards and Stacey Donovan's plan to increase circulation—and thus save the mag—by offering a big-bucks prize for the best sex fantasy. Though the theme is overused, Dirty's nine sex scenes keep things moving, and the fantasies are refreshingly inventive, well-photographed bone-builders.

During the plot setup, Donovan and Edwards deliver a rather routine fuck, immediately followed by a more-energetic hump by Paul Thomas and Amber Lynn (who later bestows a blowjob worthy of her name on Thomas).

Things move into high gear with the first fantasy: Monstermeat Peter North has hiked so many miles into the back country, he's forced to camp out overnight. With the eerie sound of wolves howling nearby, North beds down and falls asleep. A wolf approaches and magically changes into a girl (Elaine Southern) who wakens North with a kiss and a BJ. Southern wolfs down his semi-hard cock—she doesn't do quite so well when he's fully erect, but A for effort—rides him to an explosive climax and then disappears.

In one of the hottest encounters, secret agent Rick Savage abducts Kristara Barrington and searches her for a document he thinks she's concealing. He slips two fingers deep in her pussy and spreads them wide as he drives them in and out of her hole while tonguing and fingering her clit.

Another high-voltage scene opens with Jessica Wylde riding nude on horseback, her firm, silicone-packed tits immobile, cleaving the air as her mount canters across the countryside. She discovers Randy West, who's on his back, naked and spread-eagled with wrists and ankles tied to stakes. She dismounts as he pleads for help, but instead of untying him she roto-tills his dick with her cunt, then rides off leaving him the way she found him.

All the fantasies have humorous or twist endings, but the funniest scene in the film is a visual joke. Jerry Butler, nude, furiously fucking Tracey Adams with his loafers on—a hilarious parody of the bizarre porn convention that requires women to have sex with high heels on whether they're on

a bed or a packing crate.

Dirty Dreams has some problems-it just stops rather than ends, for example-but overall it's a highly enjoyable, sensuously lensed, funny, raunch-free-butsexy flick. See it with someone you'd love. -D. O.

Two at Once

Half Erect. Produced by Tanagra Productions; directed and written by Patrick Aubin; starring Richard Alan, Luci Doll, Gail Andre, Cathy Stewart, Phillipe Gaspard, Karine Stephan, Brigitte La Haye and Karen Allen. Running time: 80 minutes.

This French import has been bumming around Europe for the past eight years and is just now turning up over here. Though fairly conventional sexually, Two at Once is interesting for its new faces, its many exterior locations and sexual performances that don't entirely seem to be performances. Other than the males being uncircumcised, and the obvious fact that it was shot in France, Two could pass for any of the countless raincoater epics made here in the late 1970s.

There's not much plot: Richard Alan is driving to his home on the coast and has a variety of sexual encounters along the way. First, he picks up hitchhikers Luci Doll and Gail Andre. Of course, it's always been Alan's dream to make it with two girls at the same time. When Doll slides her fingers into his fly, he has a pretty good idea that his dream is about to come true. They check into a hotel and the horny girls whip out the Frog's log and make him happy for picking them up.

Resuming his journey without the girls, Alan next rescues Cathy Stewart, who's fleeing from rough-looking Phillipe Gaspard. After losing Gaspard, Alan pulls off the road for an explanation and a cigarette. Stewart takes the cigarette from his lips, inserts it in her pussy, then back between his lips—a sure sign that Alan is about to get fucked again.

Next he stops for Brigitte La Haye (the Seka of France), who's having car trouble, and winds up in a throbbing threeway with La Haye and a maid (Karine Stephan) at yet another hotel while the car's being repaired.

Alan runs into Doll and Andre again, and again gives them a lift to the seashore where he, the



Dirty Dreams' Elaine Southern gives sleeping Peter North a reason to get up.

girls and his wife (Karen Allen) fuck pretty much nonstop to the end of the film. The final fourway has a rather novel moment: While Alan is humping his wife, Doll straps a dildo to his right buttock; then she and Andre take turns impaling their pussies on the thrusting vinyl dick.

Two at Once is an enjoyable little flick that will appeal mainly to those who like European porn and group sex, and who want to relive those raincoat years. –D. O

Mouth Watering

Three-Quarters Erect. Produced by Ed Leonard and Thomas Paine; directed and written by Thomas Paine; starring Taija Rae, Tracey Adams, Herschel Savage, Tony Martino, Eric Edwards, Paul Thomas, Roger Scorpio, Shone Taylor and Buck Adams. Running time: 105 minutes.

Though he has only a few films under his belt, Thomas Paine is already being recognized as a major director of couples films. Most couples-oriented movies try so hard not to offend the ladies in the audience, they end up insulting them with sappy, boring stories, turgid declamation instead of acting, tepid couplings that pass for romantic sex-and, usually, too few sex scenes. Paine's films, on the other hand, are carefully crafted, intelligent productions that feature performers who can act and scripts that allow them to. He doesn't skimp on the sex either.



Taija Rae's Mouth Watering tits put the squeeze on her dream lover's dick.

This latest Paine opus gets off to a flying start with one of the most intriguing and erotic sex scenes of the year: Luscious Taija Rae, reclining on a bed, is carried to a ceremonial spot by loinclothed slaves. When the slaves set the bed down and depart, Tony Martino appears and proceeds to fuck Rae to the exotic accompaniment of primitive chants. When Martino climaxes in volleys of cum, the scene cuts to a moaning Rae asleep in an ordinary bed beside Herschel Savage. The goddess being boffed by a hunk was all a dream-and the light on the nightstand reveals the dreamer to be a fat slob!

The next day Rae enrolls in a weight-loss clinic, where she meets and befriends another fatty (Tracey Adams). After the two shed a couple of tons of flab (all this is done well, with makeup and latex body casts), they start making up for lost time by screwing nearly every man they meet. Rae dumps her boyfriend (Savage) for a sex-filled lifestyle, and after working her way through Eric Edwards, Paul Thomas, Shone Taylor and Buck (Mr. Bad) Adams, she meets Martino-the man of her dreams-at a swing party. Their encounter is as tender and erotic as the opening scene, which leads Rae to expect something more than the brushoff she receives from the sated, narcissistic Martino.

Depressed and remembering that when she was fat men liked her for her and not just for her body, Rae is about to hit the doughnuts when Adams (who's also been busy with Thomas, Roger Scorpio and Savage) informs her that Savage is still wild about her. So, yes, she goes back to her old boyfriend, leaving Adams to face the doughnuts.

The excellent script is funny and insightful, the special effects (the girls' fat faces and torsos and the giant pizza that haunts them) are a definite plus, the acting is terrific and Rae and Adams have seldom looked better. The drawbacks are that as good as the sex is, it's all really straightforward stuff-mainly boy/girl and no kink, unless you call a threeway kinky-and Rae and Adams are the only women who fuck in this film. Mouth Watering is definitely one for the ladies.

D. O.





Devil in Miss Jones III Devil in Miss Jones IV Star Angel Wild Things Wild Things II

Three-Quarters Erect

1001 Erotic Nights, Pt. II
Angels of Passion
Climax
Dark Angel
Double Standards
Every Woman Has a Fantasy, Part II
Getting Personal
Lovers Lane
Make Me Want It
Peeping Tom
Play Me Again, Vanessa
The Ecstasy Girls II
The Oddest Couple
Thought You'd Never Ask
Ultimate Lover

Half Erect

Beverly Hills Cox
Beyond Desire
Bi Bi Love
Careful, He May Be Watching
Caught From Behind 6
Corporate Affairs
Crazy With the Heat
Female Aggressors
Harem Girls
Lust on the Orient Xpress
Sex Loose
69th Street Vice
The Comeback of Marilyn
The Red Garter
Working Girls

One-Quarter Erect

Behind The Green Door: The Sequel Sexline Sexually Altered States Some Kind of Woman Suzie Superstar II

Totally Limp

Down and Out in New York City Showdown

NOTE: Since many X-rated films are censored to conform to "local community standards," the movies we review here might not be exactly the version you see. Check with your theater to make sure that you're getting the real thing.

RATING GUIDE

FULLY ERECT
Superior. A top production.
THREE-QUARTERS ERECT

THREE-QUARTERS ERECT
A well-made film.

HALF ERECT
So-so. Limited appeal.

ONE-QUARTER ERECT
Poor. Don't expect much.
TOTALLY LIMP

A waste of time and money



Seductive Karine Stephan is only one of the new faces in Two at Once.

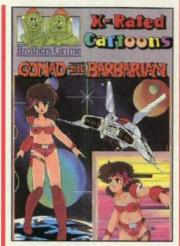
PORNPOURRI

Edited by Doug Oliver

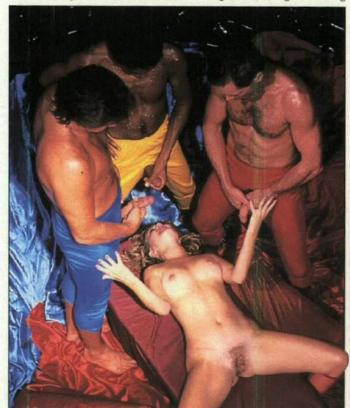
Adult entertainment has diversified. Videotapes produced exclusively for home viewing are now being manufactured and can be purchased at this country's nearly 50,000 video stores, or through scores of mail-order companies. To help you sort out the best from the rest, HUSTLER provides these capsule reviews of the newest X-rated home videos, as well as the latest happenings in the world of erotic entertainment.

The Brothers Grime: X-Rated Cartoons

(Excalibur Films) The best thing about these two sexually explicit cartoons from the Brothers Grime is that the sex moves the plot along and makes more sense than many live-action videos. The animation is comparable to anything found on Saturday-morning TV (though the content is certainly not kiddiefare), and in many ways-music, story, dialogue-the production is better. There are two stories on this cassette. Search for Uranus and Gonad the Barbarian. Search, a Star Wars-esque thriller, features evil creatures and torturous bondage. The more lighthearted Gonad, a



space-age spoof of the old television series *Get Smart*, is filled with all the elements of a first-class spy flick, including gadgets such as the Dildorian sword that emits a sticky fluid that disables adversaries for nine months. So treat yourself to some great late-night viewing



Black to the Future: Three big boners rain raunch on radiant Tish Ambrose.

from the Grime Bros. Who says cartoons are only for kids?

-Scott Mallory

Black to the Future

(Vidco) No, this video is not about a nookie-mad Negro ebony-sticking a swarm of 21st-century sinsirens. Black to's setup is a phonefantasy service run outer-space cadets researching human sexuality on Earth. Human sexuality in this reality hinges upon the woman-submissive, gaping-mouth facial cumshot. There's no arguing with that. Likewise, there's no arguing the superhuman sexuality of Tish Ambrose in the opening segment, a three-dude gang-bang that includes a black-dicking of her back door (by Robbie Dee, the tape's only dark dork) and ends with a ring of three blasting boners raunching Tish's radiant countenance. There is some argument with the general fuckingenergy level (Melissa Melendez seems patient, at most, while receiving extended penetration from Frank James), and there are quarrels to pick over long-distance shots and the stream of bad jokes. Once you've seen Black to the Future, it will forever be a part of your past. -Christian Shapiro

Diamond Collection Volume 77

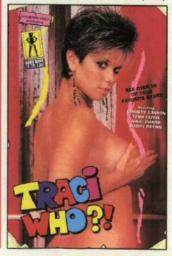
(Cinderella Distributors) Upon viewing Diamond Collection 77, the dedicated consumer of porn may get a nagging suspicion that he's seen it all before-and then experience difficulty remembering where he first saw any of these five clips, not due to memory loss caused by continuous palm work, but because few of the scenes are particularly memorable. Mark Jennings jagging Joanne Storm is something a penis should stand up and take note of, primarily because Storm is now so seldom seen, and never in such great sucking-pretty shape. The same can be said for the two fucks of buxom blond bimbette Lisa Lake: These are probably not the best two scenes of her career (for one thing, they're marred by murky light-



ing), but where else is the dedicated dick-mauler going to see her? The closing sample of nostalgic crass carnality has longhaired Eric Edwards in a garish mid-70's living room, standing a bimbo on her head and cramming cock into her asshole while she holds her cunt open. Two other segments, a lesbo labe-lick and a flaccid fourway, are basically forgettable, and one sequence listed on the box is absent from the tape. Still, we should thank the Diamond Collection folks for these memories that will soon slip beyond recall. -C. S.

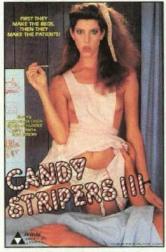
Traci Who?

(Adult Video Corporation) The year is 1991, and President Meese is pushing through Congress a "Grab your dong, go to prison" bill he hopes will rid the country of perversion. To ensure the bill's passage, he sends a team of agents, armed with electronic surveillance equipment, to monitor the nation's sex habits. So much for cute ideas. What this tape turns out to be is a fancy way

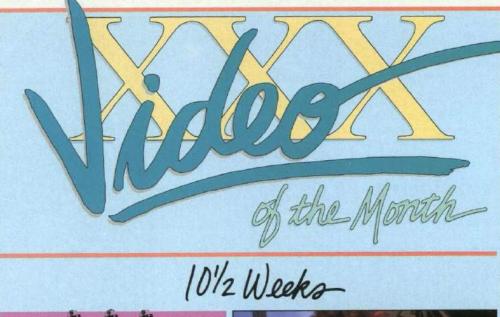


of stringing sex scenes from other videos together to make one awful, insulting tape. This is porn at its worst. And the title is a rip-off too, using recent headlines about a certain sex performer to gather its own notices. The maddening thing is that the sex scenes are hot and enjoyable in their original form. But here, a ridiculous voice-over by the agents-we mostly hear inane drivel about how excited the agents are getting and their intent to eat microwave pizzatakes the sexual energy out of them. On top of that, the original sound of the scenes is seldom used. Instead, the viewer is treated to technically inferior dubbing of obviously uninterested moans and groans. The music is bad too. Stay away from this one like it was jailbait. -S. M.

Candy Stripers, Part III



(Arrow) If you like sleazy, cheaplooking sets, muddy lighting, pathetic acting and homely New York girls, you'll love Candy Stripers III. Miles from 1985's decent Candy Stripers II and light years from Bob Chinn's classic original, this sexvid is Candy Stripers in name only. Siobhan Hunter and Nina Preta play a pair of strippers who become stripers when the local nurses go on strike. At the request of the bespectacled Dr. Glickman (Eric Monti)-who met the girls while getting a blowjob in their club one night-Hunter and Preta change uniforms and take their talents to the hospital, where it isn't long before they're fucking the pa-



Directed by Robert McCallum.

Starring Barbara Dare, Jerry Butler, John Leslie, Keisha, Joey Silvera, Siobhan Hunter, Nikki Knights, Dana Dylan, Tom Byron and Jon Martin

Never mind that 101/2 Weeks is shamelessly melodramatic, occasionally unintentionally hilarious and sports a couple of tepid fucks. The extensive outdoor location shooting, high production values, generally good script and emphasis on romance-while still being packed with sex-make this a natural for the couples audience. But the presence of Barbara Dare in more than her usual one or two sex scenes really compensates for 101/2's flaws. Based on the mainstream film of similar title, this video is about the passionate love-at-first-sight relationship between Kyle (Jerry Butler) and Ashlev (Dare) that terminates suddenly after 101/2 weeks when the affair becomes too kinky for Ashley. (Though Butler with a hand mirror strapped to his forehead, forcing Dare to watch herself while he fucks her is one of those unfortunate touches that's more ridiculous than kinky.) When a stranger (Nikki Knights) walks in while Kyle is humping Ashley and announces that she's Kyle's wife and-at Kyle's insistence-joins in, it doesn't sit too well with



After 101/2 weeks Barbara Dare brutally terminates her affair with Jerry Butler.



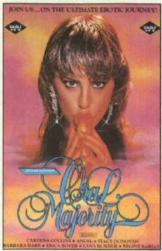
Ashley, but she goes along. Ashley gets her revenge by engineering a surprise fourway between herself and three "siblings" (Dana Dylan, Tom Byron and Jon Martin), and forces Kyle to watch. But the real surprise comes when Dylan straps on a dildo and rams it up Butler's ass-a fairly effective way to end a relationship. Dare is spectacular. Whether with a cock or clit in her mouth, being double-teamed or going one-on-one with Butler, her wanton sexuality will bring milky tears spurting from ol' Mr. One-Eye-in 101/2 minutes.

-D. O.

tients left and right. Sexwise, Stripers III only shines briefly. In one scene, Barbie Dahl is double penetrated by Monti and Ken Dahl in the tape's hottest climax. Elsewhere, Preta and Andrea Sutton perform a lesbo lick-off that's slightly better-than-average. For the most part, however, Stripers is just one more cheapo video with little else than a great name going for it. —Sam Lowry

Oral Majority

(Western Visuals) There is no denying that Jerome Tanner is a



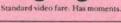
master at shooting cocksuckers, just as there is no denying that Erica Boyer, Angel, Heather Wayne, Tanya Foxx and the other girls of *Oral Majority* are master cocksuckers. These two facts, combined with the mastery that such studs as Tom Byron, Peter

SEX VIDEO RATING GUIDE





* *



Little to recommend. Desperation time.

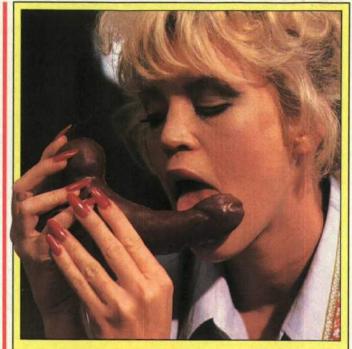
North and Steve Powers have of shooting on cocksuckers, give this Tanner compilation tape an undeniable rod-rousing appeal. Along with splatter-sticky blowjobs, the 14 clips of Majority include bits of cuntlapping, a titfuck and some regular and dual intercourse. Paul Thomas and Careena Collins act as commentators, giving mildly annoying expert insight and providing introductions between clips. Despite the brevity of some of these scenes and the fact that they're broken up by nonerotic talk, chances are that if you watched them with Careena Collins at your side, you'd try to slip your salami into her mouth before they were over. -C. S.

The Year of the Sex Dragon

(Paradise Visuals) Tiffany Storm, the operator of a Chinatown



Tiffany Storm gets more than rich from operating a brothel in Sex Dragon.



How Sweet It Is

Harlem Candy, due at the end of March, is the third entry in the HUSTLER Video line. Award-winning director Henri Pachard-armed with his trademark toilet scene-took a crack at this production and



rounded up delicious bitches Amber Lynn, Lois Ayres, Angel Kelly, Shanna McCullough, Nina DePonca, Tiffany Storm and Honey Malone to be dribbled in chocolate and creamed by an assortment of black and white studs that includes Field Marshal Bradley, Herschel Savage and Ray Victory. "I tried to get Mary See for a cameo." claimed Pachard, "but she wouldn't leave her fudge unattended." Something tells us that fudge-tending will not be overlooked on this tape.

massage parlor, is convinced by a series of cock eruptions to turn her aboveboard no-sex business into a profitable house of prostitution. A pair of convincing arguments for marketing nookie are Miki Kurosawa, the Japanese Nikki Charm, and Ronnie Dicksen who, after inspiring Peter North to shoot streams of spunk along her entire body, stuffs two staffs simultaneously into her twat. Storm herself is less than exceptionally beautiful, but she sure can make guys come fastproven by her quick fuck of Sasha Gabor and speedy dual sap-sucking of North and Don Fernando, who blast onto opposite sides of her face and breasts. Unfortunately, there are some routinely uninspired schtups, and Kuro-

sawa is, sadly, insufficiently used, which makes Year of the Sex Dragon drag on in a few places. -C. S.





Shipping: \$3 for 1st tape; \$1 each thereafter

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LETTERS readers a Rear Window-type experience I had recently.

I live in a lower East-side Manhattan apartment complex with an enclosed courtyard. My living-room window looks out onto the yard, where I can easily peer into my neighbors' windows across the way. I spend plenty of time checking them out. The people in our complex aren't shy, traipsing around in front of their windows in all states of undress. I think they're all exhibitionists. Watching strangers screwing or taking off their clothing should make me feel guilty, but it doesn't. Since my divorce from my husband, I don't go out much, and it's cheaper than going to the movies.

There's one couple in particular that really turn me on. They go at it almost every night on a big couch in their living room, not even bothering to pull down the shades! I've gotten off fingering myself while watching them boff on more than one ocassion.

One night last month, bored as usual with the crap on TV, I took my regular viewing spot in my darkened living room, then proceeded to peel off my panties while catching the usual late-show schtup across the courtyard. But to my surprise, I saw a strange man in my favorite couple's apartment lying on the floor watching the tube. The man and woman I'd been watching for weeks must have moved. This was the new tenant.

I cursed my luck until I realized two things: The guy was wearing the briefest of bikini shorts, and he was a supremely handsome, well-built hunk. I quickly grabbed a pair of binoculars in order to focus in on this sexy stranger. By the glow from his TV set, I could see that he had a terrific hard-on inside his shorts. I checked to see what he was watching. It turned out to be some sexy Italian flick with a lot of unclothed actors and actresses. I swung my glasses back to the guy and stared at his tool. It was growing. My mouth watered as I watched his pecker poke over the top of his briefs.

My free hand went immediately to my naked nookie. I ran my fingers through my silky pubic patch before putting a couple of digits up my crack. I fingerfrigged myself furiously for several minutes, and was rewarded with a spine-

tingling orgasm.

When I looked over across the courtyard, I got another thrill: The guy was now slowly stroking his one-eyed snake while watching the fuck-flick. Suddenly, I had an idea. I knew the phone number to that apartment, since I'd spoken to the previous couple several times about our

community crime-watch program. I dialed the number, hoping it hadn't been changed yet. My heart started beating faster when I saw the guy across the yard pick up the phone!

"Hello," he said.

"Listen carefully," I began. "I live in the apartment directly across the courtyard from you. I've been watching you for the past half-hour. You've got the most gorgeous body I've ever seen, and I just finished masturbating while staring at your beautiful boner. I'm right over here."

With that I turned on a small lamp on an end table so he could see me. "Wait a minute, don't go away," he said over the phone. He left the room for a second and then returned with his own pair of binoculars! He picked up the receiver, saying, "Oh, yeah. You're not bad yourself. Do something for me."

With a wicked grin, I picked up the dildo I always use on myself and slowly pushed the tip of it past my pussy lips. My naughty neighbor responded by pulling his bikini briefs all the way off. He stood there with his big beef stick waving in the breeze, then began to slowly massage it. I pushed the plastic penis substitute all the way up my snatch and started to fuck myself as my "date" choked his chicken.

The sight of his gorgeous cock flesh inspired me as I shoved the dildo in and out with long, slow strokes. I felt like the dirtiest, most shameless bitch on the planetand I loved the feeling.

My mouth fell open, and I licked my lips while looking directly into the hand-

some stranger's eyes.

We were both getting off on our public display of passion, which was plainly visible to anyone in the courtyard or one of the other apartments, but we were too crazed to care. My flaps were on fire as I crammed the dildo into my dripping gash faster and faster. I dropped the phone as I frigged myself, and the handsome hunk across the way did the same. Even without my field glasses I could tell he was in ecstasy. I saw him suddenly tense up and then orgasm.

His ropy, creamy cum shot out of his cock and spurted in a high arc onto the window. I was amazed at the amount of semen he sprayed. Seconds later, I came too, my snatch spunk drenching the

Since then we've performed for each other often, and it's only a matter of time before one of us initiates a move toward real physical contact.

> C. T. Manhattan, New York

Send your Hot Letters to HUSTLER, 2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, CA 90067-3054.



"Marlene, you're a crazy, fucked-up bitch . . . I admire that in a woman!"



STARRING: Laurie Smith, Paul Thomas, Robin Cannes Richard Pacheco, Gale Sterling, Billy Dee, & Mai Lin.

SEX WARS is an erotic take-off on the Space Saga films of late. It is the first adult film with major studio sci-fi flash and flesh. Reviewers have called this film the "BEST ADULT FILM EVER PRODUCED.

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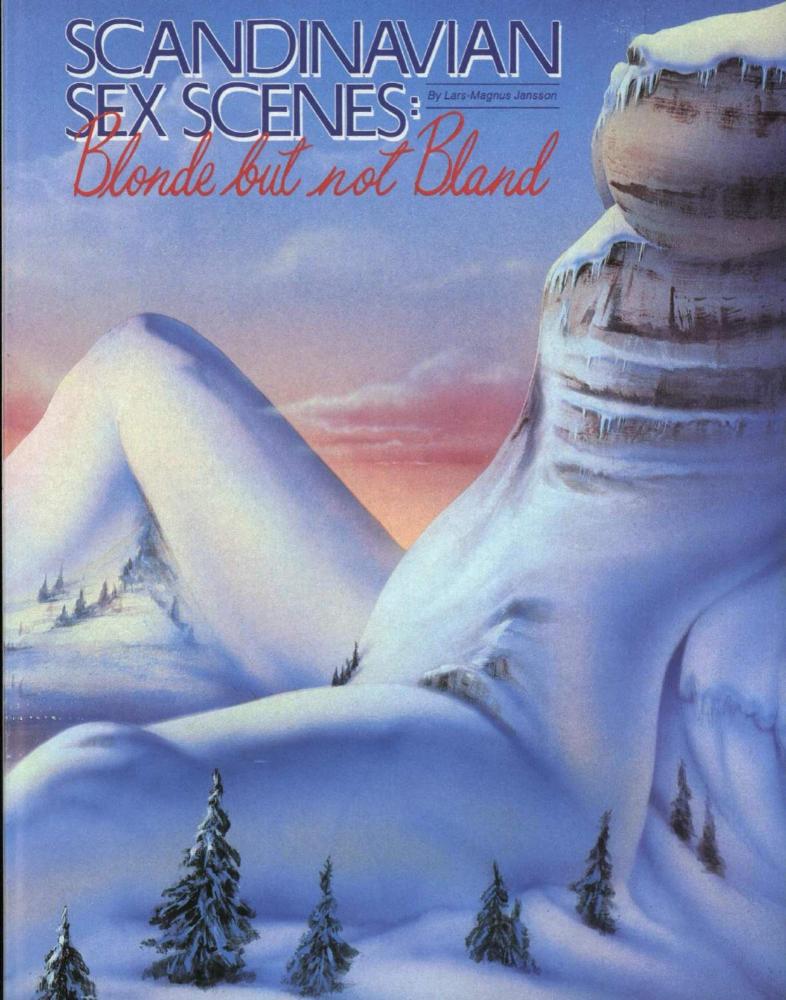
candinavia pants through the first heat wave of the year. The air over the Swedish capital of Stockholm shimmers with warmth and sensuality.

The Swedes are, as usual, in the grip of a kind of serene summer madness. I stand high up on Vasterbron-a bridge that joins two of the city's many islands-and look down on Smedsudds park and beach, where thousands of practically naked Stockholmers bask worshipfully in the longed-for sun. Under the bridge behind me, on the small island of Langholmen, are slightly fewer people doing the same thing-completely nude. This is in the heart of the city.

Scandinavians—and Swedes especially—are a strange people. The sun seems to unhinge them and has a particularly ruinous effect on their morals. After spending two-thirds of the year heavily wrapped in thick clothing to shield them from the dark, cold winter as they make their way along snow-covered streets, they appear, when summer comes, to lose all inhibitions. Stockholm has arguably the most beautiful women in the world: When summer comes, they just throw away their clothes. Happy and unembarrassed, they lie about in the city's parks, along its quays and beaches, willingly, even joyfully, revealing their beautiful nude bodies. At most, they retain a small patch of cloth between their legs. But this is far from the rule.

On this lovely June day the city not only shimmers with heat, it also simmers with sex. The sun makes Swedes





SCANDINAVIAN SEX

The two perform a modest lesbian live show onstage. Casually passing Stockholmers show no shock at all.

not only tanned, but hot and sexy as well.

That's all they seem to talk about; it's on everybody's mind. The newspapers are filled with sex. The police have just broken up yet another exclusive callgirl ring. There are rumors that a number of top politicians were on the customer lists.

I enjoy this situation more than most. Naked Stockholm lies at my feet. The newspaper headlines about the secret sex lives of Swedish politicians are largely the result of a book I'd recently published. It's on the counter and in the windows of every bookshop in the city—the hottest item of conversation in summer Stockholm.

Now I know where to take Norman, my old buddy from Cleveland, Ohio, after I meet him at Stockholm's Arlanda airport in a couple of hours.

First, I'll take him to Smedsudds beach and then Langholem Island. He can get to know Swedish women there the way God created them.

Norman, however, is impatient. He can't wait until the sun is high in the Stockholm sky again. He wants to go out

right away that night to find out if there's a shred of truth in what I've told him about my city. Night, by the way, may be a little misleading. In June, the sun hardly goes down. It may disappear for a while beyond the trees of the archipelago, but darkness never falls. The white nights of Stockholm are never darker than a mildly cloudy day.

We start at the Cafe Opera. Located behind the opera house, this elegant watering place is the hangout of Stockholm's jet-setters. It was once the home ground of the business-suited establishment, but now its clientele consists of a younger, lightly dressed crowd.

We pass by the long queue in front of the entrance, which is the self-evident right of all regulars and celebrities. Lessfrequent or unknown visitors to the place may have to wait hours in the queue before they are let in.

Norman's eyes glisten when he sees the lovely, brassiereless, lightly clad summer ladies crowded along the bar, nonchalantly waiting for some gentleman to display a little interest in them. There are more beautiful women than Norman has

ever seen in one place. However, his enthusiasm for this nightspot is briefly dampened when he learns that his beer cost me \$6. I don't dare tell him that my whiskey had cost an additional ten! Drinking booze in a public bar in Sweden is a bit like armed robbery, with the customer as victim.

Norman's first night in Stockholm is a long one. We manage to visit The Daily News, where the bar isn't quite as long as at the Cafe Opera, but where the price of a beer is even higher. Later, at an outdoor cafe in Kungstragarden, my friend from Ohio gets his first taste of Swedish summer madness. A group of young, scantily dressed women wander unsteadily through the park in front of us. It is a female bachelor party, and one of the trials her pals put the future bride to is to force her-dressed only in stockings, panties and a tailcoat-up onto the park stage. The future bride then sings a song for people wandering through the park.

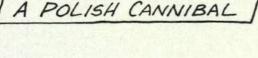
The bride is virtually seduced by one of the other female members of the party, and the two perform a modest lesbian live show onstage. Casually passing Stockholmers show no shock at all. Norman, on the other hand, is both a little embarrassed and charmed.

At Alexandra's, one of Stockholm's most popular discos, Norman lands in the capable hands of Karin, a tall, tanned, beautiful blonde, intoxicated with sex by the exquisite Stockholm summer night. She guides Norman out of the place, dignified but determined. He didn't get in touch with me until the next day.

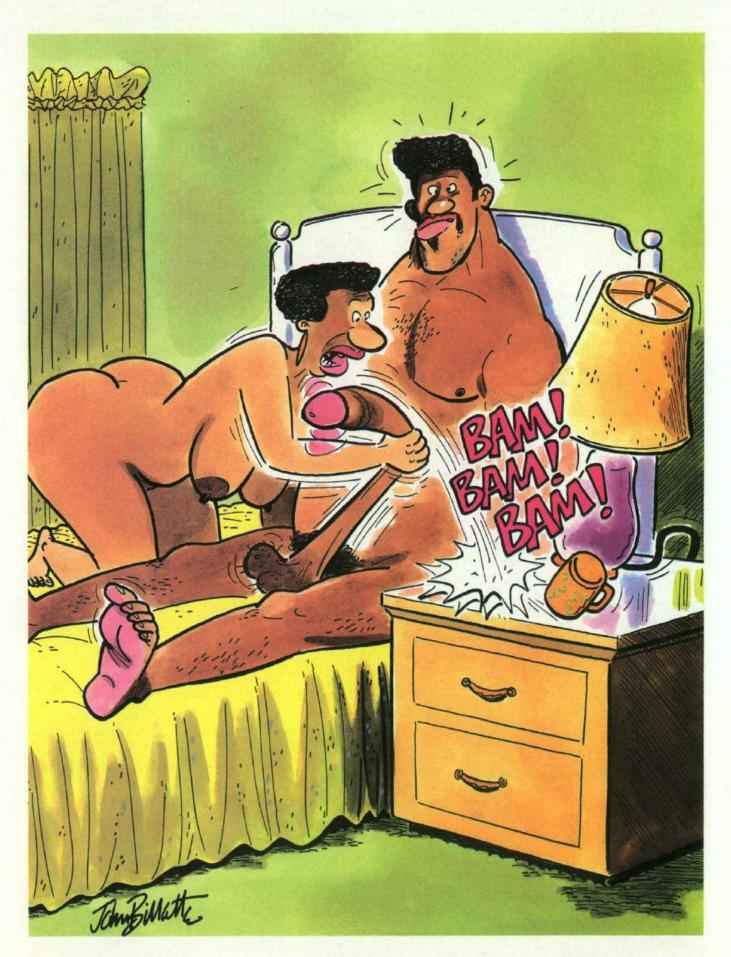
Norman is tired, but his eyes soak up the tall, slender, tanned bodies as they pass by the cafe at Smedsudds beach in a never-ending stream. The swimwear consists mostly of small, single-piece triangles-it's been some years since Swedish women hid their breasts at public bathing places.

I tell Norman about the police breaking up the callgirl ring. This requires a certain amount of explanation, since he knows that prostitution has been legal in Sweden for a long time. Recently, voices have been raised to make prostitution illegal here, but it would look bad for Sweden, the paradise of sex liberals, if this prim backward step were taken. Thus, it is not illegal to be a prostitute, nor is it a crime to buy the services they provide. However, there is a very severe penalty for anyone who lives off prostitutes. A pimp in Sweden can very easily get two years in prison. To "live off others' fornication," as it is described, is a serious

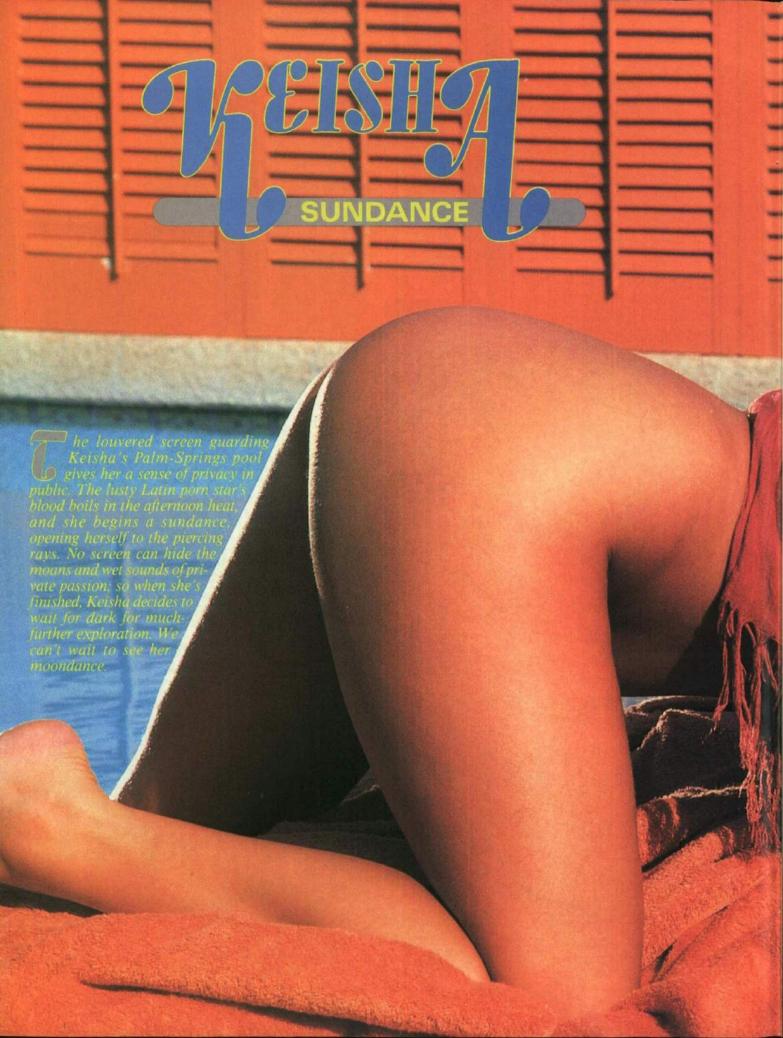
It's easy to become a pimp. If you rent an apartment to a prostitute, and it can be proved that she takes her customers (continued on page 38)

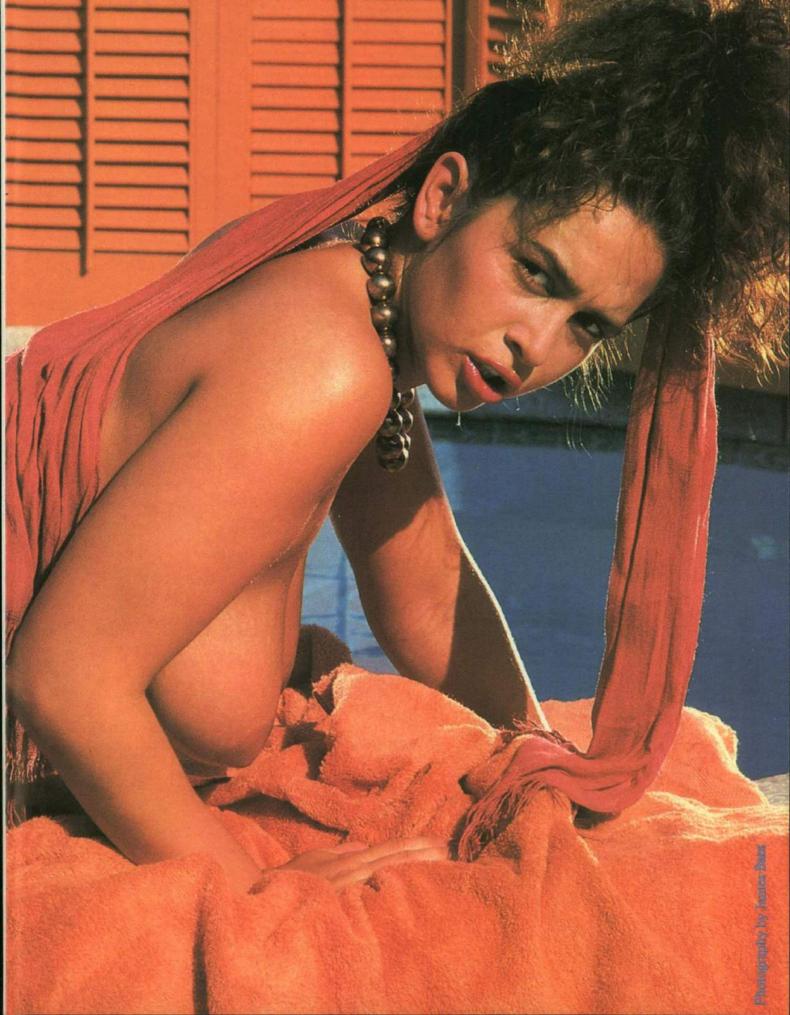






"Eek! A spider!"



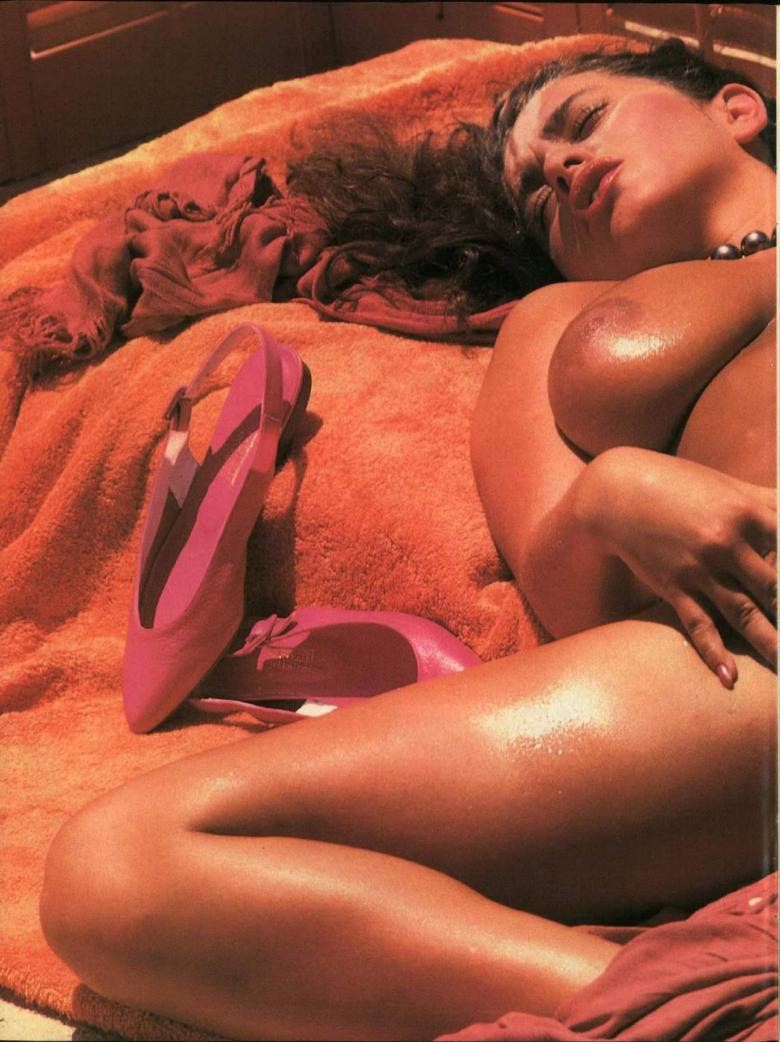














SCANDINAVIAN SEX (continued from page 28)

For \$25 to \$50 they will turn a trick in a car, in the stairway of a nearby building, or just about anywhere.

there, you may be charged with being a pimp. Despite this, there are hundreds of massage parlors listed in the classified sections of the daily newspapers. They offer massage, but it is usually done orally and concentrated on a special part of the body.

Newspapers that publish these ads are pimps, according to Swedish law. The owners of buildings that house massage parlors are pimps. Every now and then the police put the lid on. The newspaper ads disappear for a while, and the building owners evict their troublesome tenants. But everything is soon in full operation again.

And so, running a callgirl ring is a crime. Procuring prostitutes for customers is the same as being a pimp.

Norman has heard that there are streets in Stockholm where hookers sit in windows and offer their goodies to passing guys. He wants to know if this is true and, if so, where it happens.

He's got Stockholm mixed up with Amsterdam in Holland. Here in Stockholm, the hookers walk the streets. I promise to take him to Malmskillnadsgatan, just outside the Sergel Plaza hotel. The hookers walk the street there, trying to earn enough for their next fix. For \$25 to \$50 they'll turn a trick in a car, in the stairway of a nearby building, or just about anywhere. The class hookers work the bars of the better hotels, such as the Grand Hotel, Sheraton, Strand or Plaza. But the price will be ten times as high. For 25 bucks you can't even talk to them.

The night is still young. Norman has decided to skip Karin for Elisabeth, who is both blonder and more beautiful. We met her during our walk through Langholmen park, not far from the walls of old Langholmen prison (now deserted). We found her lying naked on the grass where she had spent the better part of the day improving her already deeply appealing tan.

Elisabeth is a waitress in one of Stockholm's 800 restaurants, most of which are packed during the summer. She is happy to show her newfound American friend around the city, but not before 1 a.m., when her own restaurant closes. So Norman and I spend the early part of the evening, while waiting for Elisabeth, visiting

a few of the local porn clubs. Norman is very enthusiastic. I go along with a certain hesitation.

A few years ago Stockholm was a real paradise for anybody who enjoyed watching wild, no-holds-barred sex on stage. Clubs such as the Chat Noir, Sexorama and Nana had earned worldwide reputations. The live-show erotic entertainment was totally free and of the highest class. Every girl had her own dildo and vibrator, even radio-controlled ones. Today, all this is just a memory.

In their eagerness to find scapegoats, the authorities made all porn-club owners pimps. It was alleged that the girls in the club provided customers with sexual favors. That put an end to the fun. Liveshow sex acts are now forbidden by law. Stripping is still permitted, but the acts must be designed so as not to be sexually provocative. The current clubs are Cats, Amor, Romeo och Juila, Nana, Colibri and Tabu. Tomorrow they'll probably be called something else. Ownership, names and girls change rapidly, keeping pace with the operations of the authorities.

Occasionally the clubs offer a little taste of the good old days.

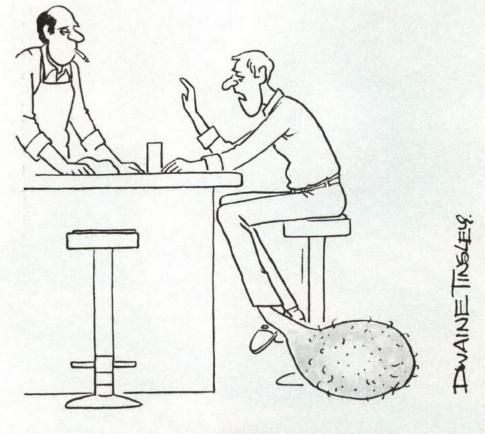
Norman drinks nonalcoholic champagne that costs a small fortune (alcoholic beverages can't be served in porn clubs) and has a hell of a good time.

Before we pick up Elisabeth, we have just enough time to make a brief call at the Bacchi Vapen, a nightclub in the Old Town of Stockholm. It's Tuesday night, and there's a male stripper act for ladies only. However, in the bar, the smart guys figure that the ladies will soon come out of the club's showroom preheated, so to speak, from the show.

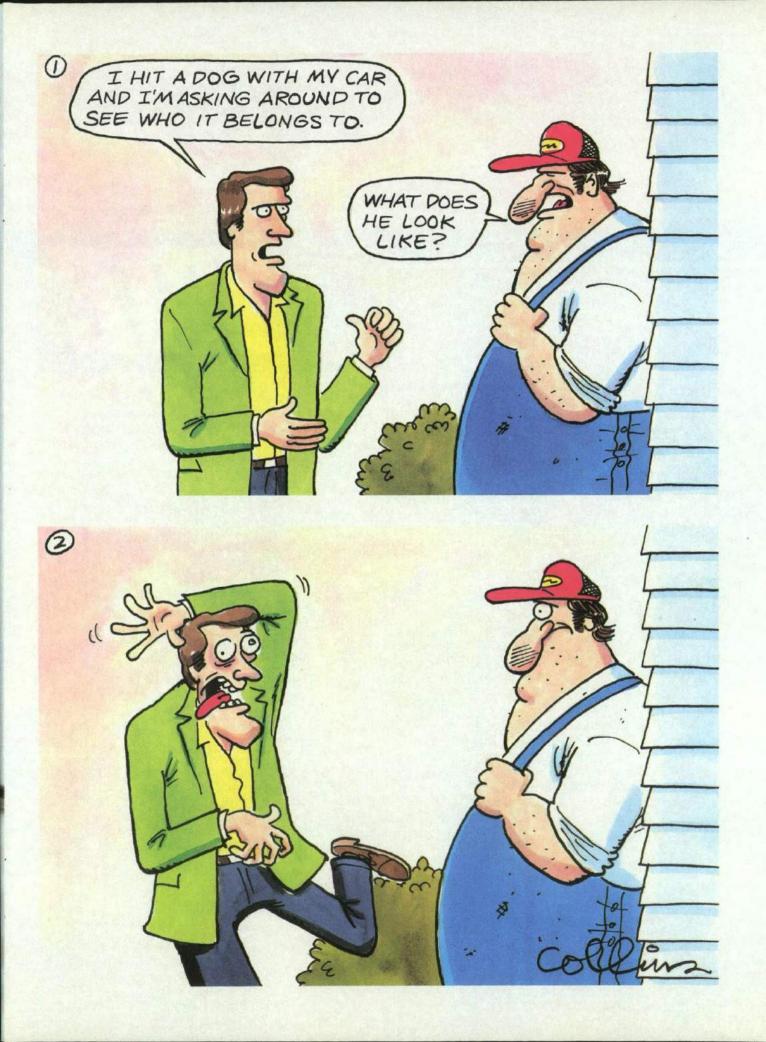
Norman almost misses his meeting with Elisabeth. Whether the result of the summer sun or the work of the male stripper is hard to say, but he has a pretty lady on each knee. Only the memory of Elisabeth's lovely, lithe brown body finally coaxes him to leave the Bacchi Vapen.

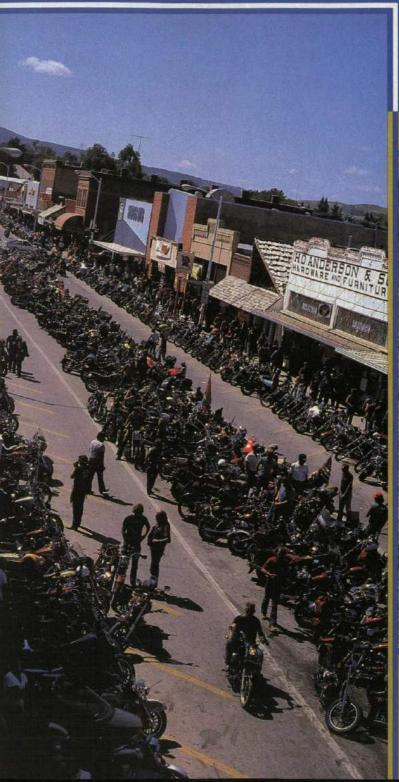
The heat wave still holds the whole of Scandinavia in a tight, soothing grip. If Stockholm is mostly nude in the summer heat, the Danish capital of Copenhagen isn't far behind.

Norman and I arrive on an SAS flight late in the afternoon. A couple of hours later we're freshly showered and ready to face the city that many people consider the sexiest in Europe. Sitting in a cafe on Stroget, the long promenade street between the Radhusplatsen and Kongens Nytorg in the heart of Copenhagen, with a cold Tuborg or Carlsberg in front of you is like having a front seat at a fashion show for ladies underwear. The little that Danish women wear to cover undies is of (continued on page 88)

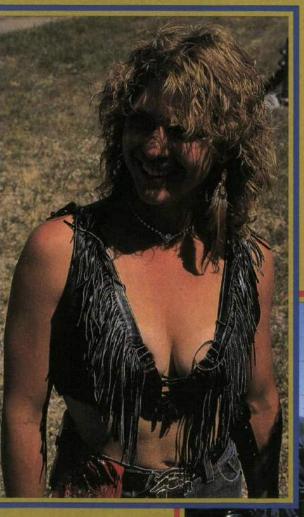


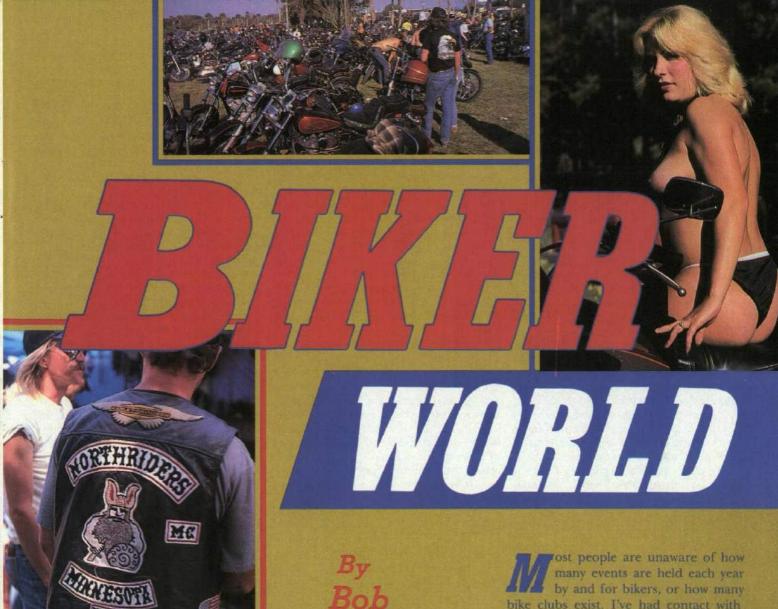
"No more for me, Jim. Got to get home and see if the wife'll maybe give me some pussy. . . ."



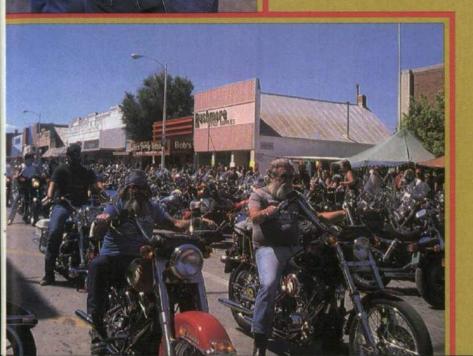


THE





Bitchin



bike clubs exist. I've had contact with more than 325 clubs, but there are groups I had no dealings with and innumerable nomads that live the lifestyle without club affiliation. There are literally thousands. Many, like the Hell's Angels and Bandidos, have chapters all over the world in such countries as Australia, Germany, Holland, New Zealand, Switzerland and England.

The sum total is mind-boggling, "Bikers," as a cultural phenomena, have been recognized for more than 60 years. The public doesn't understand why this lifestyle is attractive. The fear they hold of the total freedom it takes to live this lifestyle keeps them away from it.

The camaraderie, brotherhood and strengths gained are hard to define until you've tried it, and the main social interaction for bikers are the runs.

The first thing any sane person should ascertain if considering whether or not to attend one of these events, is if it is a private party or open to the public. One

INSIDE BIKER WORLD

Nothing comes between a man and his brother. Not job, not family, not friends. The club is his life.

poor fool, riding his Kawasaki down the highway on his way to the Black Hills Motor Classic in Sturgis, South Dakota, a few years back, saw a biker party in the woods. He figured he'd stop and have a few brews with the "guys" before traveling on.

Mistake!

This was a national meeting of one of the larger clubs in the country. Their first rule is Harleys only. The second is no strangers. The out-of-place dude's bike ended up at the bottom of a cliff, and he was left wandering the highway on foot the rest of the trip.

Bike clubs differ as much as people do. These are family clubs, touring clubs, riding clubs, legislative organizations and, of course, the ones that get all the publicity, the "outlaw" clubs. The basic difference between one group and another is loyalty to the club and dedication. In all but the true outlaw clubs, the man's family or job comes first. In the major clubs, it is the club first. Nothing comes between a man and his brother. Not job, not family, not friends. The club is his life. There are different types of clubs, but there is

no such thing as a bike gang, except in the watchful eyes of the government.

Getting to be a member of a bike club depends on the type of club you're looking to join. Family clubs are pretty easy, like the AMA clubs. Just approach a member and ask. Usually there is no probationary or initiation period.

It's a lot harder to get into, or even close to, an outlaw club, due mainly to the attempted invasions by federal agents within the past ten years. This G-man infiltration makes outlaw members more then just a little suspicious of new people.

After meeting and partying with the membership, a new person could be brought up to become a prospect, or prospective member, and is sponsored by a current member. On the East Coast, initiates are referred to as probates, or probationary members. For a period of anywhere from a few months to a few years, the prospect does everything from polishing the other members' bikes to changing flats on the road and running errands. Once the member has proven himself, the club votes on him. One no

vote will usually blackball a new guy, and in most clubs, the member voting no doesn't have to give a reason for his dissenting vote.

Once, while running prospect, I was made to stand in a beer cooler up to my ass in ice water, handing out beer to the other members. The only break I got was when one member told me to polish his ol' lady's shoes with my underpants, skidmarks up, of course.

On another occasion, a member told a prospect to jump off a 15-foot cliff into a pit we were partying in. When the prospect did it, he got a compound fracture in his leg, and the member beat the shit out of him. He had told him to jump off the cliff, not to break his leg!

It's tough to gain acceptance.

In some clubs, a member cannot tell a prospect to do anything he wouldn't do himself. This saved a friend of mine from having to fuck a horse at a run at Lake Henshaw. The member told the prospect to fuck a horse that was wandering around. The prospect asked if the member would do it. After some thought, the prospect was released from fucking the horse, but spent the rest of the day polishing that member's bike, and all the others members' bikes.

A prospect questioning a member is not a good idea.

Upon acceptance as a new member, the party goes long and hard, starting with the ritualistic pouring of beer, champagne or any other number of vital fluids, from Harley oil to urine, over the new member. In some clubs the rule is that a member's colors never be washed from his initiation, but that rule has been changed in most clubs within the past 15 years

Colors usually consist of a cut-off Levi jacket with an upper "rocker" showing the name of the club, a lower rocker with their territory and a center patch with their club insignia. Most of the major outlaw clubs don't open events. Their soirees are private and for invited members or guests only. If you stop at one, be sure you're invited.

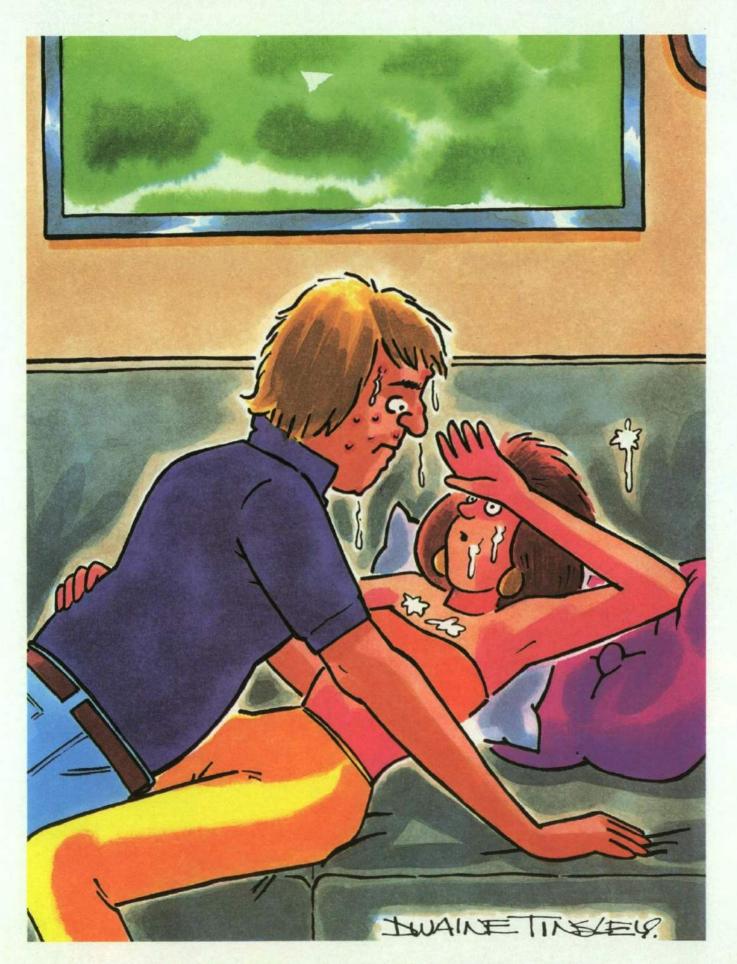
The three biggest events in the country take place in Florida, New Hampshire and South Dakota. These three open events are advertised in most motorcycle magazines, and are usually a cooperative effort of the town and other promoters.

Daytona Beach, Florida-second week of March each year

This is the Granddaddy of them all—the biggest bike event in the world. Attendance estimates run as high as 150,000 bikers, all during one week of spring break.

The major force behind this bodacious blowout is one man, Karl "Big Daddy (continued on page 52)





"Try not to get too turned-on, Timmy. Everytime you do, your zits explode!"









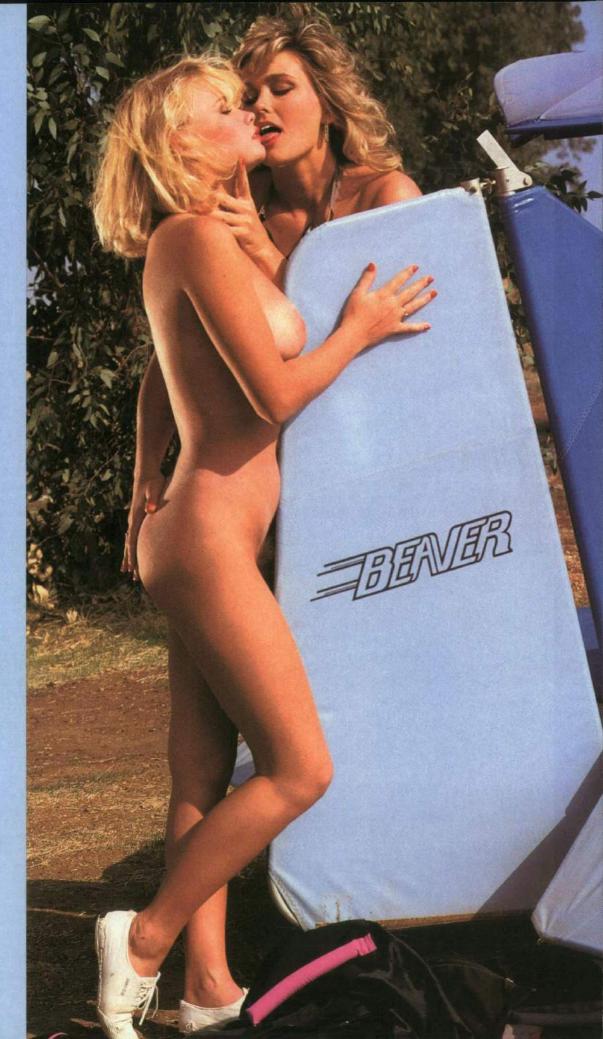








Ithough they are buzzed from their spin in an ultralight, Kate and Kitty really soar back on terra firma. The powder puff pair are equipped with dynamic twin magnetos and purring cockpits between their friendly thighs. Kitty pulls up the flaps as she comes in for a dive, and her tongue taxies into Kate's love hangar. Her lusty co-pilot sniffs something special in the air with her head in the clouds, even as her roaring engine of desire gets a precision tune-up. Eventually, the love birds make a reluctant return to earth, but they'll soon feel the renewed urge to let their fantasies take wing.



INSIDE BIKER WORLD (continued from page 42)

If you go to Daytona, you are more likely to have trouble with the authorities than with bikers.

Rat" Smith, who sponsors the world's largest free motorcycle show. He supplies the trophies and handles all the publicity, never charging a dime.

The "Rat's Hole Show," as it is named, runs in conjunction with a motorcycle road race held at the speedway, but the racers are just a small portion of the thousands of bikers who attend annually. Over the years, others have promoted biker trade shows and events, but the Rat's Hole Show is the original thing, and Main Street, Daytona Beach, is packed to overflowing with bikes jammed side by side for a solid week.

The weekend prior to this event is "The Run to the Sun," which starts in Valdosta, Georgia, on Friday night, running until Monday morning, when the participants ride in formation from Valdosta to Daytona. This run has been sponsored by BIKER Lifestyle magazine for the past 14 years.

At the Run to the Sun there are wet-Tshirt contests that turn into no-clothes competitions. The prize money consists of cash thrown into a hat that is passed during the contest. Some years as much as \$1,000 is tossed into the hat. This makes for some very interesting competition. Lots of the ladies are brought in from nightclubs all over the country just to win the money for their ol' man. Tattooists are set up working day and night, and stands with bike parts and leatherwear sell souvenirs of the event.

Both the Run to the Sun and Daytona Bike Week are open to all comers. You don't even have to be on a bike to show up, and the public is invited to all the happenings.

In Daytona, the races are overshadowed by the crowds of bikers who come from as far away as Australia and Germany, but mostly from the thawing East and Midwest. Bikers pack the beaches and streets, overfill the bars and party solid for a week. With the bike show and halfnaked ladies on the beach, the event lingers long in the minds of those who can make it.

Daytona is also used by federal people to train undercover and gang squads. Using the excuse that they're there to protect the citizens (who all seem to love the annual event), a central command unit is set up with complète processing for arrest.

If you go to Daytona, you are more likely to have trouble with authorities than with bikers. Bikers are just there to have a good time.

Sturgis, South Dakota-second week in August

The second largest, and in many people's opinion, the best bike run in the country, is the Black Hills Motor Classic in the sleepy little town of Sturgis, South Dakota (estimated population 6,000), just outside Rapid City.

The crowds in and around Sturgis run from 45,000 to 50,000 bikers. More than half of these are affiliated with bike clubs, including the biggest clubs in the country.

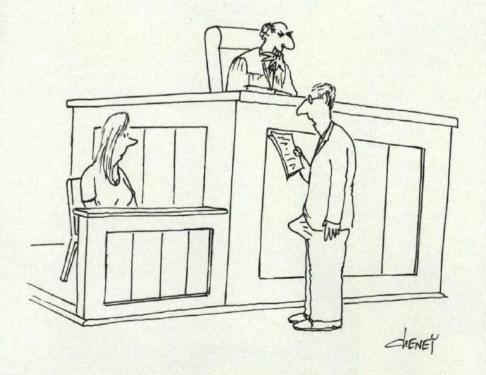
Sponsored by the Jackpine Gypsy's Motorcycle Club and the Sturgis Chamber of Commerce, the 46th annual Classic (August '86) attracted people from all over. Main Street is closed off to all cars. and for as far as you can see, there are nothing but bikes, bikes and more bikes, with the majority of them being Harley-Davidsons.

The excuse for this run has always been the flat-tract races and the hill climbs, but 90% of the bikers that come don't even know about them. They come to party. The campgrounds in the surrounding Black Hills are filled with tents and campsites, and the hotels are filled for miles around. There aren't roads in the country more beautiful to ride, and the Mount Rushmore Memorial is just a few miles away.

The only way you might encounter trouble at this event is to stumble into the wrong campground, where you are uninvited, as happened to our friend on his Kawasaki. Trouble in town itself is very scarce. After all, the bikers come to party, not to kick ass or show force. Stories spread in the general media about clubs like the Hell's Angels, the Outlaws, Bandidos, Sons of Silence and the rest seem like fiction after the reality of Sturgis.

One event at the Sturgis Black Hills Motor Classic is the Buffalo Chip Picnic. Sponsored by one of the major bike publications, this party has what must be the largest and best wet-T-shirt contest in the country. One year, in the ladies' zest to win, the shirts came flying off after only a few seconds of competition. As the crowds got wilder and more money was thrown onstage, the pants also gave way. Cucumbers were then handed up to the ladies, and what had started out as a simple wet-T-shirt contest soon had the ladies showing just why a cucumber can be a girl's best friend. (After all, they don't bitch if you're seeing other cucumbers, they don't ask if it was good for you, and (continued on page 92)

"Once more for the court, would you describe what your assailant did after he ripped off your undergarments?"





"Did you hear somebody yell, 'Taxi'?"





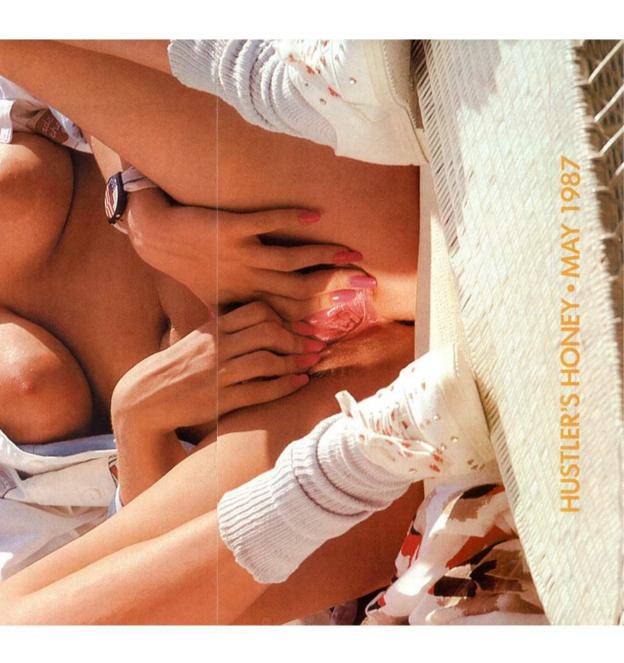


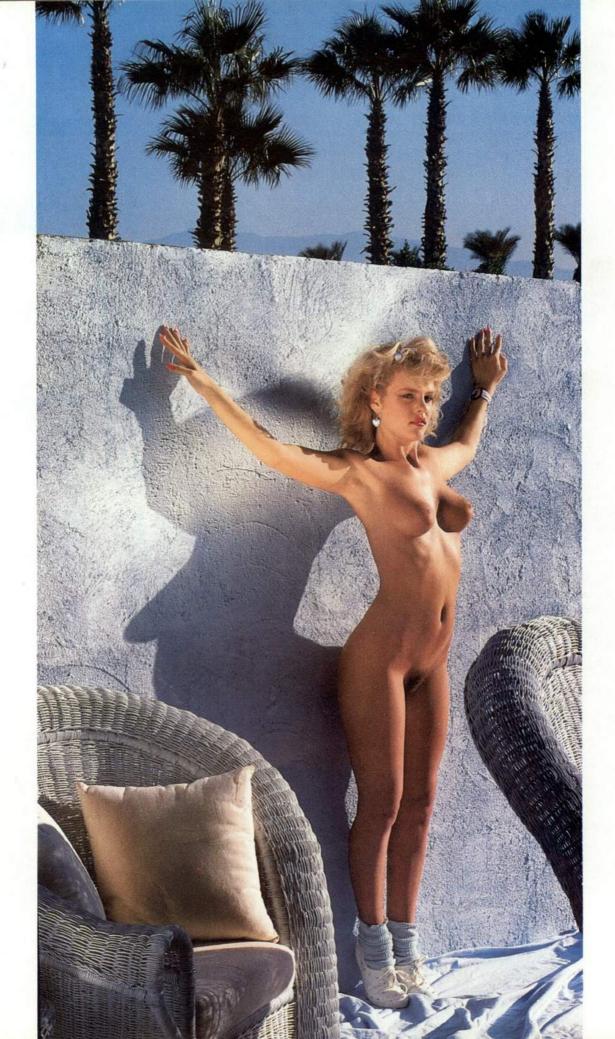






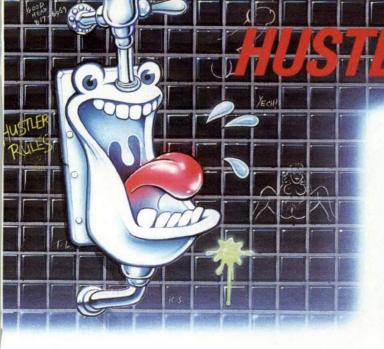








Blackjack • Texas Hold'em • 3 Card Poker



wo business partners in the same office in Chicago shared a beautiful secretary. They both started fooling around with her, and she got pregnant. They didn't know who the father was; so they decided to chip in together and send her off to Florida to have the baby. In her eighth month they sent her away. However, they didn't hear from her for a while, and they started to worry. They didn't even know if she had the baby! So, one of them decided to go to Florida and check it out. His first night there, he called his partner in Chicago. "Well, how is she?" asked the man in Chicago.

"She's fine," the man in Florida said, "but I have

some good news and some bad news."

"Well," said the partner, "what's the good news?" "The good news is that she's okay, and had twins." "And the bad news?" asked the man in Chicago.

The other man replied, "Mine died."

he HUSTLER dictionary defines black foreplay as: "Wake up, bitch!"

A cruise ship sank, and there were only three survivors-a Parisian, a Berliner and a guy from the Bronx. They were immediately taken captive by cannibals and were told that they would be eaten, and that every part of their bodies would be utilized: Their bones would be made into jewelry, their hair for ceremonial wigs, and their skin used for canoes. The chief allowed the three men to choose their mode of death. The Berliner said he would shoot himself with his Luger, while the Parisian chose the guillotine. The guy from the Bronx asked for a fork and savagely started poking holes in his skin. The chief asked him why. The New Yorker replied, "Fuck you . . . and your canoes!"

At a cocktail party two couples discussed the psychological theory that asserts that a man's car is an extension of his penis. "If that theory is true," Harold said, "then I have a limousine."

"Yes," smiled his wife, "something big and comfortable."

"Well, I have a sports car," said Bill.

"Right," said his wife sadly, "something small and incredibly fast."

A man came home unexpectedly and caught his wife and his Doberman in a compromising position. "How could you do this to me?" he sobbed. "I loved you! I provided for you! Then I find you cheating on me! I can't believe you're fucking this . . . this. . . .

"Oh, honey," his wife cried, "I'm so sorry. I-"

"You stay out of this!" the man said. "This is between me and Rover!"

A washed-up comedian was at a Hollywood party where he met a beautiful black singer. After he complimented her on her singing, they became better acquainted and she confessed that she'd always had a fantasy about sleeping with an older white man. Soon after, they were screwing in a bedroom upstairs. Afterward, the singer said, "It's never been that good. We've got to fuck again."

"Okay," he replied, "but I've got to take a short nap

to rest up, and you've got to hold my cock while I do."
"Sure," she replied, "but is it really so important that I hold your cock while you sleep?"

"You bet your ass," he answered, "the last nigger I fucked stole my wallet."

uestion: Why can't Arabians have drivers-ed and sex education on the same day at school? Answer: Because the camels get too tired.

A woman always had to nag her husband into giving her enough money for groceries. One day she said, "I need you to give me an extra \$10 so I can buy a rump roast.'

Her husband pulled a ten from his pocket, held it up to the mirror and said, "See the money in the mirror? That's yours, and this is mine," he added, putting the ten-spot back in his pocket. The next evening he came home to find the table set for a king. There were steaks, roast turkey, pork chops, the works. "Where did you get the money to pay for all this?" he yelled at his wife.

She took him to the mirror, pulled up her dress and said, "See that pussy in the mirror? That's yours. This one belongs to the butcher!"

A man named Bill was in court, charged with beating his wife. "Now, Bill," asked the judge, "do you solemnly swear to tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth?"

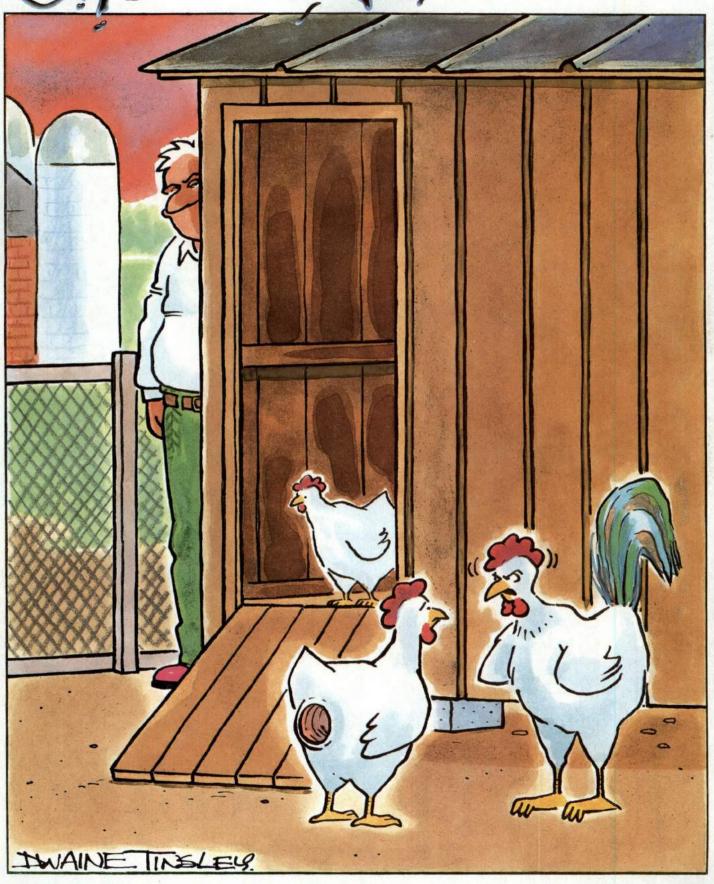
"I do, your Honor."

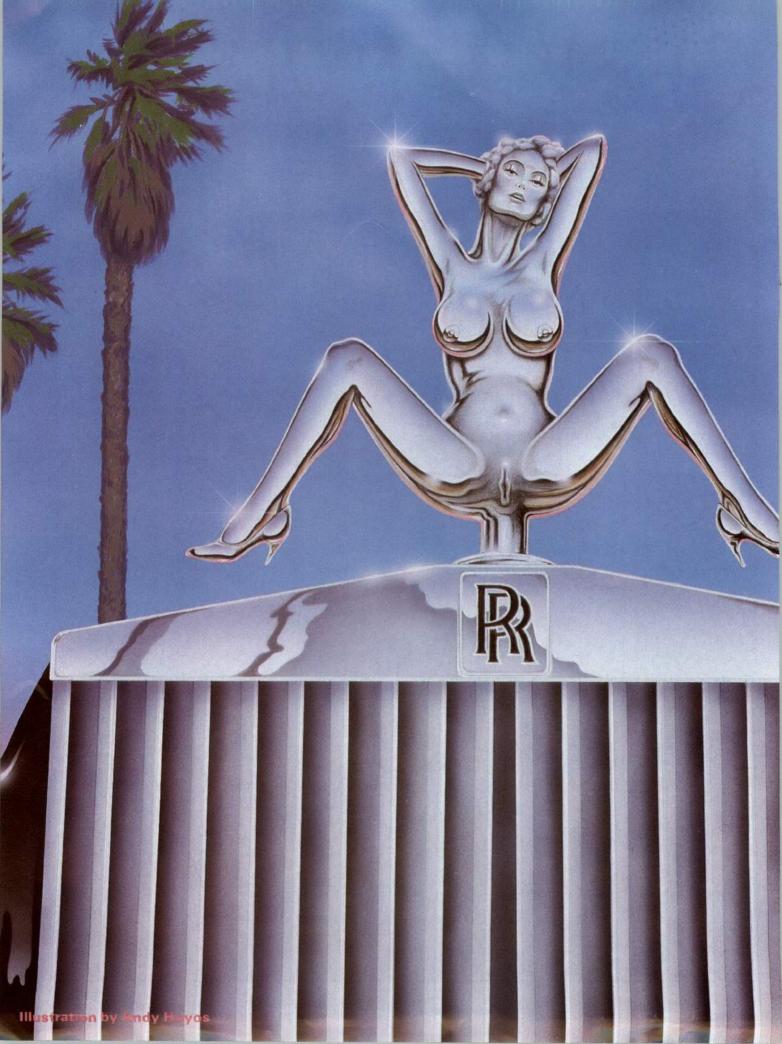
"Keeping that in mind," continued the judge, "what have you got to say for yourself?"

"Well, sir, with all them limitations, I don't believe I have much left to say!"

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Chester the Molester







A VERY HAPPY MAN

He liked her wide shoulders and the way her back V'ed into a tight waist above the jutting cushions of her packed ass.

mother and her steady stream of onenight uncles all seemed like fading scenes from some depressing movie he'd seen long ago. That picture had nothing to do with Rawlings now.

His slick voice had no trace of penitentiary twang as he whispered intensely into the phone. "Listen, doll. You don't have to vote for the guy, just be very nice to him. And do me a favor, will ya, babe? Don't talk politics. That's right. I know you've got a brain. Let's keep it our secret. You're making me a very happy man. Love ya, doll. Gotta run."

The Big Orange is a magnet to men like Rawlings, men who want to start out at the top and claw their way further and further from the bottom. Most of these fast-buck dudes make it to the city and get blown off hard. The world's full of high-life visionaries, bent and busted out, who couldn't make the grade. But for every million failed dreams, there's one Gerry Rawlings.

Though he often dealt in illusions, Rawlings harbored few of his own. His eyes were open to the facts of crime. Vice was a full-time career, and Gerry was always on the job. Medium height and build with blond, soap-opera-star looks, he was a natural for his line of work. His steel-blue eyes inspired complete confidence, but no trust. Women didn't realize there was a lack in their lives until he supplied the need. He could be the missing parent, the father who had deserted or drank himself away, and he could be the male authority figure. Women sometimes loved him and often hated him-either way he had a habit of becoming the focal point of their lives.

Rawlings picked up the phone, held it near his ear and audited the streaming bullshit, hearing perhaps every third word. Suddenly, his nostrils widened slightly. He lifted his full martini to his lips, kept it there a moment, then lowered the glass without having drank any.

"Listen, honey," he purred into the phone, "well, listen. You know what makes me happy. I've got somebody on the call waiting. Love ya."

He cradled the receiver and licked his lips. The bitch was seated a few tables away, alone. One look, and he knew everything there was to know about her. He liked what he saw. Barely older than a girl, in her low 20s at most, she exuded the strength and composure of an embattled but dignified matriarch. She arrested a twitch in the side of her mouth–exhibiting a necessity for control. She was a woman with a problem.

Rawlings picked up the phone. He had his work cut out for him. "Connect me with the party at table 6."

A rush of adrenaline coursed through his gut as he sat back and—to all outward appearances—waited calmly. He noted her startled expression, the chink in her facade, as her hand gripped the receiver. Her fear manifested itself in hesitation.

"Yes?" She snapped the word a little too hard.

"Just relax, and everything's going to be all right," said Rawlings in the soothing tone of a nursemaid. "We've had an eye on you. Stay right where you are. Someone will be with you shortly."

He hung up and watched her demand an explanation from the dead line. She slammed the phone, then stalked from the bar, a large shoulder bag clutched to her hip. Rawlings followed her out to the valet-parking area.

He stood slightly behind and to the side of her. She was fuming. He liked the way her thick brunet hair fell to a crop at the start of her thin neck. He liked her wide shoulders and the way her back V'ed into a tight waist above the jutting cushions of her packed ass.

An attendant rolled a long Jaguar sedan around, and she moved toward it. Rawlings slipped past her, tipped the boy and had one hand holding the car door open for her and the other clasped to her arm.

"We make a handsome couple," Rawlings smiled. "Don't we? Now get in the car; this is no place for a scene." He flashed her another smile, the way a different man might flash an automatic.

"You know this is kidnapping," she

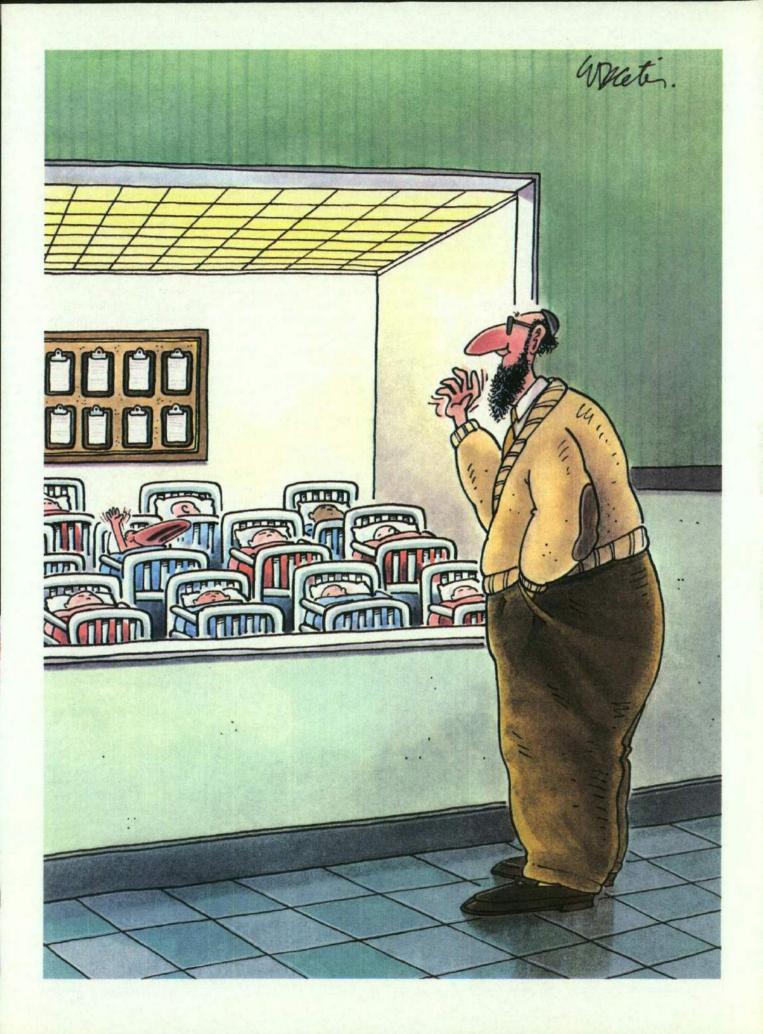
Rawlings let out the clutch and pulled onto Sunset. "No one's forcing you to do anything." Accelerating, he watched her breasts heave and her face flush. He liked what he saw.

Having exchanged no further conversation, they pulled into the parking lot of a cheesy motel just off Hollywood Boulevard. Dusk had come and gone, and it was nighttime. They registered with a leering Oriental clerk, went upstairs to a room, and he locked the door behind them.

"You're going to make me a very happy man."

She hated everything about him and let her eyes show it. She matter of factly dropped her clothes on top of her big





A VERY HAPPY MAN

Her mouth was made for cocksucking, whether she liked it or not. Rawlings nodded toward his crotch and smiled.

purse, stepping away from the pastel pile of silk and pearls. Rawlings locked into her cool and hostile gaze, letting his peripheral vision take in her vital details.

He saw the breasts hanging high with small, dark, hard nipples jutting proudly over the soft, slight swell of her stomach; he saw the precisely groomed thatch, the velvety thighs and the neat bulge of her fleshy cunt. He also saw the outline of a small-caliber semi-automatic under the slink of her blouse on the floor.

She assumed that the powerful allure of her flesh had put her in control of the situation. "What do you want from me?"

Her mouth was made for cocksucking, whether she liked it or not. Rawlings nod-ded toward his crotch and smiled to show that he meant business. Except for her eyes, everything about her became sub-missive. She closed the space between them, unbuckled his trousers and dropped with them to her knees. The long point of her tongue darted from between full gourmand lips, kissing behind his knees and up the back of his legs. She lavished several long licks on the inside of his thighs, nestling her nose in his sac at

the top of each wet pass. She blew on his balls and pulled them in turn into her mouth.

Her cheekbones went well with his prick. It flexed and grew as, eyes hooded, she slurped along the shaft, pausing to nibble on the widening head before sliding her lips back down to his balls, then returning to the shaft. It had almost reached full length when she slipped the large tip between her opened lips and rubbed it against the roof of her mouth. She took in a deep breath, held it and worked Rawlings's cock deeper into her face. Increasing suction, she drew back to the head, waited until it was throbbing, then slowly plunged to the base of his manhood, nestling her nose in his pubic patch and wedging his dick deep in her throat. Her tongue writhed and contracted like a hot-blooded snake along his entire length.

As she worked her oral magic, Rawlings slowly unbuttoned his shirt, relishing his mastery of postponing and prolonging orgasm. He kicked off his shoes, stepped out of his trousers and pulled back her head. She looked up at him. Her eyes hadn't gotten any kinder.

He positioned her on the bed with her fine white ass up in the air toward him. Her cunt was ajar and glistening with wetness. He touched his knob to her front door and left it there. She backed into his mass of meat and imperfectly suppressed a moan. Her pussy was tight, hot and fluid. When he guided her all the way back onto his shaft, the bitch was distinctly overstuffed. His pelvis bumped her cheeks, setting her into motion. She drove into him with steadily increasing speed and force. He relaxed, going along for the ride, watching her smooth butt slide up and back as her head swung slowly and her hair matted with sweat. He knew she was holding back.

He flipped her over and threw her legs up above his shoulders. His big stick plunged with authority into her pussy, and he stroked with a constant force, setting her tits flailing. Rawlings reached down and thumbed her clit in rhythm with his powerful thrusts. He twisted like a human corkscrew, skewering her cunt and rubbing her joy button against the top of his greased rod. He started fucking her for real then, and a low growl rumbled in the depths of her throat, gradually working out, escalating into a full-bodied scream of ecstasy. Her body bucked wildly for at least a minute, then went totally limp. Her eyes glazed over and lost all their violence.

Without ejaculating, Rawlings pulled out and watched his cock soften and recede to a manageable size. He had that feeling of complete control that he valued above anything else in life. The bitch had for all intents and purposes passed out. He went to her pile of clothes and inspected the pearl-handled .22 semi-automatic. It was loaded, but it hadn't been fired. He didn't know what to expect to find in her shoulder bag, but he wasn't surprised that it was crammed full with packets of crisp one-hundred-dollar bills. "Fuck you." She coiled on the side of the bed, her eyes refilled with hate. "What kind of fucking cop are you?"

He tossed her clothes at her and answered, "Have a cigarette, lady. You need a smoke." He started to dress.

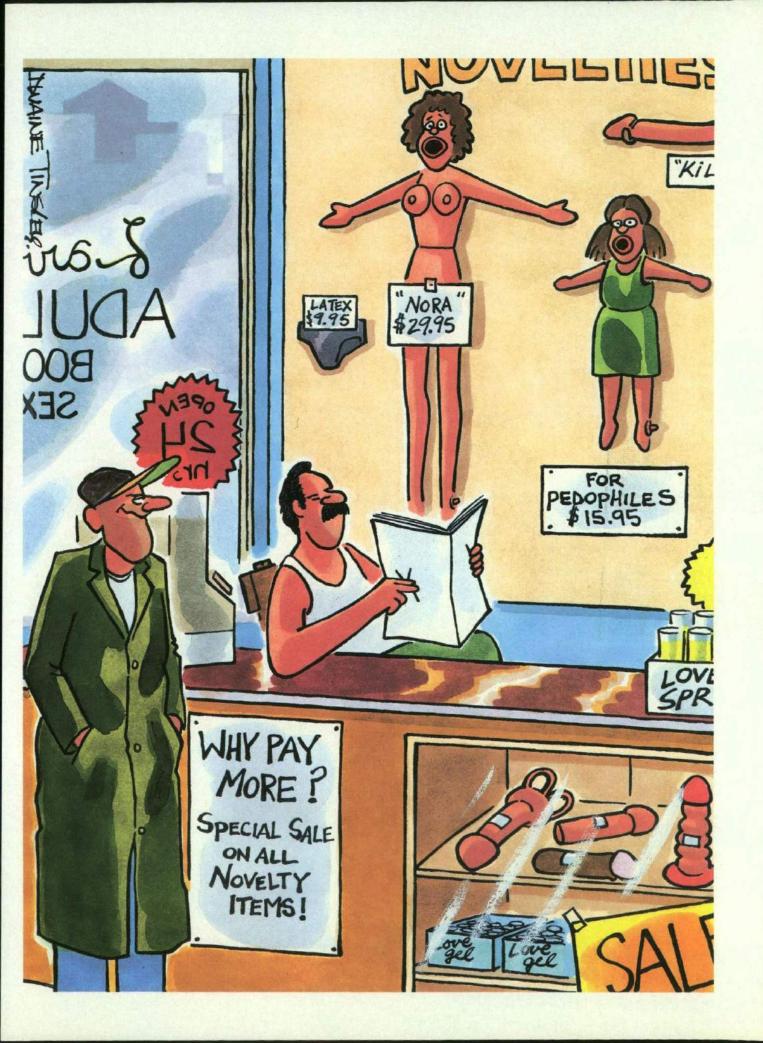
Her face looked as if she'd suddenly smelled shit. "You're not any kind of cop at all, are you?" Her voice drained of disbelief and rapidly swelled with rage. "Who the fuck does this no-coming bastard fuck think he is?"

"You were supposed to make a meet. Who was it, and what for?" Rawlings smiled.

She actually spat. "You grinning asshole. What business is this of yours?"

"Lady, you're in a lot of trouble," said Rawlings, fastening his belt and slipping (continued on page 80)





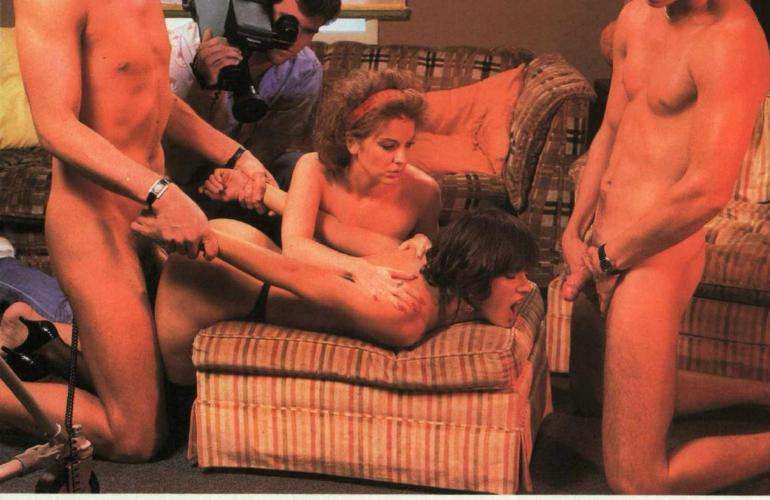


THE MAKING OF BIG THUBS BIG THUBS Look and listen in as HUSTLER gives an exclusive peek at the making of director Herald (Two Chairs) Slime's latest epic.

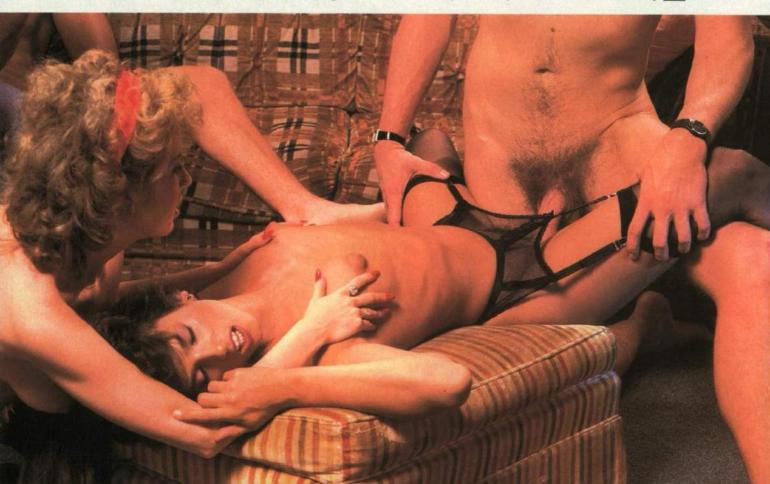


"I want emotion . . . make that motion . . . oh, just fuck, okay?" "That's the perfect pose . . . no, wait, her seam is crooked!"



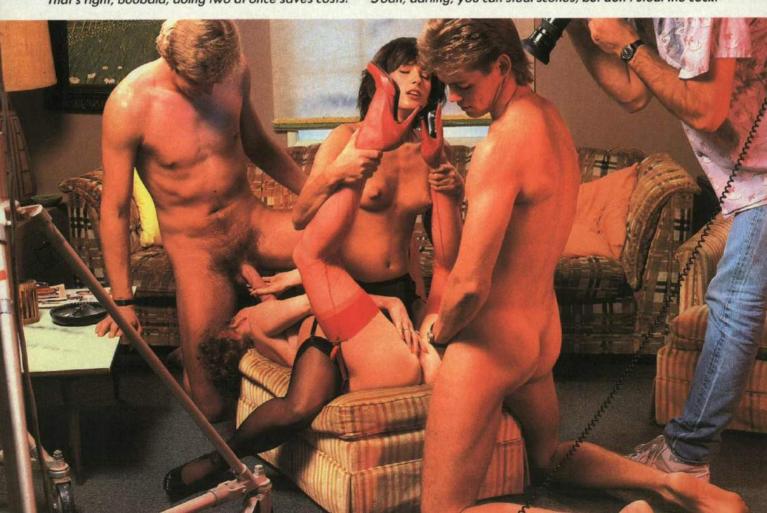


"Make this take count. The rent on that chair is killing me!" "Cut! Bobby, I know you like overtime, but why two watches?"





"That's right, boobala, doing two at once saves costs!" "Joan, darling, you can steal scenes, but don't steal the cock!"





"All right, let's give the dykes at NOW a scene to bitch about!" "You're going to have to really hammock it up for this take!"







"Beautiful, baby, yeah, do it, sweetheart, oh yeah, give it to me, oh . . . hey, we forgot to load the camera!"



A VERY HAPPY MAN (continued from page 70)

Fingers slid into slick, wet holes, and the girls melted into one another-a swirling, molten mass of grinding gash.

into an easygoing drawl. He smiled and leveled the .22 at her so she'd shut up. "What you've done isn't like missing a car payment. There's close to a quarter million dollars in your purse. The way I see it, you've stolen this money, and some people are looking for you. I'm giving you a chance to explain; they won't."

He tossed the .22 over to the bed. She let it lie by her hand. She lowered her head and shook out a few sobs, but soon realized that wouldn't work. She looked searchingly into Rawlings's eyes. The eyes were grinning—they weren't likeable, but they knew what they were doing.

"What could you do?" she moaned hopelessly. "Should I trust you?"

"Don't trust me. Trust economics. I can use a girl like you. Get dressed and meet me downstairs. Don't forget that stuff." He gestured toward the money.

"No, wait. The money was meant for my husband. I picked it up."

This could change a lot of things; Rawlings wasn't sure what, but a lot of things.

"He's a bastard. An old prick." "What's the money for?"

"He had me raped."

"He had you raped."

"Last Sunday we gave a dinner party for five other producers. I was the only woman at the table. I had too much wine and started flirting with a young director/producer/writer type. He makes me vomit, but Leo really hates his guts. This maverick shithead starts jerking Leo off about how great it is that an old fuck like him can satisfy wild young me.

"Wrinkle-dick Leo can't stand hearing all these junior hot shots shootin' off; so he has to prove they're all full of shit." She pulled on her dress. "So he proposes a wager. He bets 50 grand each that none of them can make me come. It was a joke at first, but with all the coke and afterdinner cocktails, things got out of hand. I end up fucking five assholes so my asshole husband can get his rocks off and make a quarter million dollars."

She was all dressed. It was time to start with the makeup.

"None of 'em made you come, huh?"

"Are you kidding?"

"What about your old man. Do you come for your old man?"

"You know what that washed-out bas-



"Well, if you won't give me some pussy, perhaps I could just hump your leg awhile?"

tard has to do to get a hard-on? He hires prostitutes to give shows for him. That'll make him hard enough that we can fuck. What am I doing staring at these wideopen cunts queering off? Does it make me come? Am I into that shit?"

Rawlings supposed she had a point. "Some people are damaged," he said.

"At least when he fucks me, he comes. It doesn't matter. I've got the money."

"Don't forget it when you come downstairs."

Melanie played well to the cameras. Today she was dominant, and her twin sister, Melody, was submissive, at least for a little while. They stood naked, chest-to-chest on the track-lit soundstage, empty except for a large, low bed buried in silk-en pillows. The girls were a blond double vision of the California beach-bunny dreamboats that send grown men to San Quentin, smiling.

Melanie shoved her bosom out and thrust her pussy into her sister, who recoiled two steps back. Melody's big breasts swayed in front of her as her sister advanced aggressively, her own large, sloping chest shaking provocatively. Melody stood her ground and, when push came to shove, tumbled backward over the low edge of the bed and landed with her knees propped in the air.

Melanie, on all fours, zeroed in on Melody's cunt, positioning her own extremely photogenic ass so that it bobbed into camera range. Tongue touched clit, and suddenly Melody was no longer on the submissive end, the two girls becoming a blur of sexual energy.

Fingers slid into slick, wet holes, and the sisters melted into one another–a swirling, molten mass of grinding gash, flashing teeth, slithering tongues and puckered assholes. As Melody took over the initiative and pinned Melanie spreadeagle with her head hanging off the bed, peals of a telephone rent the air.

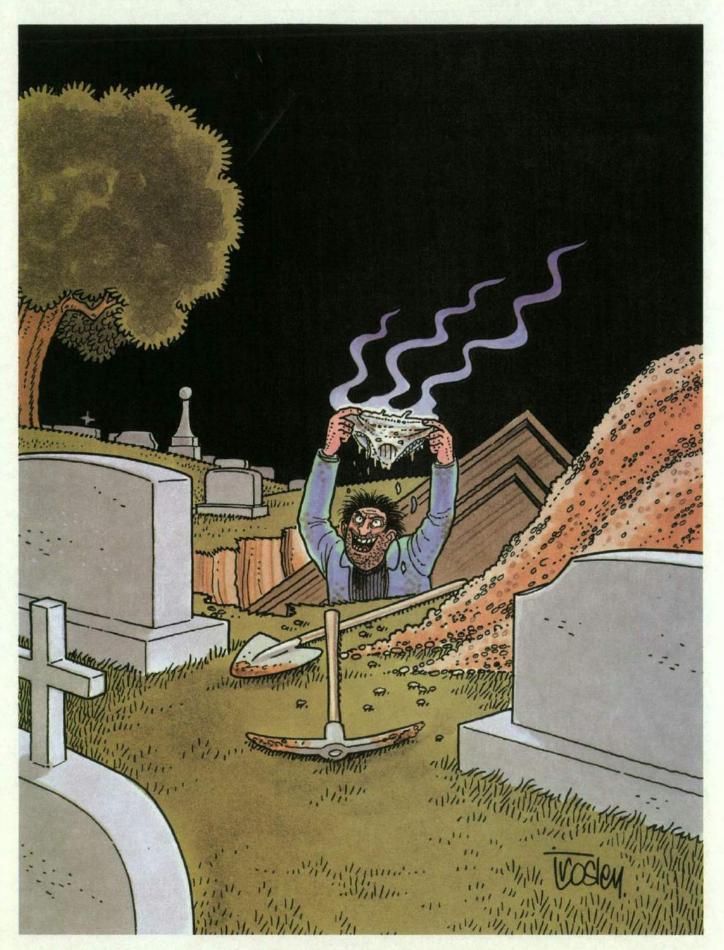
"Keep going. Don't stop what you're doing," hollered the bossy little man who reclined behind a stack of video monitors. The call was coming in on his private line. "You've got my undivided attention," he said, switching on the speaker.

"Take me off that box, Leo."

Pudgy old Leo's hands were full. His left toyed with a panel of controls, remotely manipulating the cameras he'd had installed to cover every angle of any action taking place in this arena. His right hand formed a tightly wrapped fist around his lubed, hard cock.

"Gerry, darling," he gushed. "I feel like Nero. Where do you find these gorgeous little big-boobed blondes?"

"What is it, Leo?" Rawlings worked a meaningful smile into his voice. "You get-



"At last-some really soiled undies!"

A VERY HAPPY MAN

I don't tell you how to run your comedies; don't tell me how to run pussies. How this money is cut is my business.

ting into the business? You think I can use a little competition?

"Lemme tell you what I hear, Leo. I hear you gave a little get-together over the weekend. I hear you provided some special after-dinner entertainment, like strictly not from television. Now it seems to me that this is an incidence of, how do you say, infringement on my option."

"What are you getting at?" said Leo, lazily stroking his meat in time with the rhythmic double-anal latex penetration on camera 5. "That bitch is no pro. She's a slut, I grant you, but she gives the most boring blowjob in the history of women."

"Listen, Leo, any cunt that gets 50 grand a pop is a whore; I don't care if she can suck cock or not. The bitch turned five tricks in my sandbox."

Okay, Gerry, doll. I get the message." Leo sighed with surrender, and his right hand took on a life of its own as Melody deep-throated the big black dong, tracing it to its source, lips locking on labia where it disappeared into Melanie's splayed snatch. "I know when I'm being shook down. You want a cut.'

"Look, Leo, I don't tell you how to run your situation comedies; you don't tell me how to run pussies. How this money is cut up is my business. Here's the point, Leo: That money belongs to me. The way I understand it, anyone who stands between me and that money is stealing from me. Do you see what I mean, Leo?'

"Stop right there," snapped Leo, switching off the TVs. "This is larceny. Let us not forget that in your capacity as a contractor you are in my employ. I'm the boss here, Gerry. I pay you. I don't think you should lose sight of this unique facet of our relationship."

"Leo, there are certain people in your life that you do not fuck with. Your dentist, for example. When he's got you strapped into the chair, and your mouth's propped wide open, do you tell him that you plan on fucking him in the ass and paying him with a check that's no good? That could be very painful for you. You're a thinking man, Leo. Picture me as your dentist. A dentist who doesn't want to get fucked up the ass."

"Look, Gerry, lover, there's a problem. I don't have the money; it's in transit or

something." The girls stopped fucking. "Don't stall me, Leo. Stop bullshitting. Put this phone back on the speaker." The

girls watched Leo switch the phone onto

"Listen, ladies, and you too, Leo." Rawlings's voice betrayed no edge, anxiety or uncertainty. "We're having a little get-together. I'll meet the three of you over at my attorney's apartment. I'll be there in 20 minutes.

"Leo, I like you. I'm giving you two hours to get the money and show up with the girls. If you don't have the money in two hours, show up anyway.

"Girls, don't let Leo get lonely, not for a second. He's prone to loneliness; he gets lonely if he has to go to the bathroom

alone. Make me happy."

Rawlings stepped out from behind the check-in desk as the quarter-million-dollar bitch descended the stairs, made up like a whore on the hunt.

"Do you believe in coincidences?" he asked, taking her by the arm.

Rawlings tied one last knot, and everything was ready. He left the bitch trussed and gagged behind the sofa in the study, closed the door behind him and posed with a drink at the living-room bar. A moment later his guests were at the door.

Leo led the way, drooping under the weight of exaggerated dejection. The twin girls brought up the rear, proud and nimble with their lighter-than-air tits.

"Leo, have a seat." Control oozed out of Rawlings. "You ladies get Leo a drink. He needs one bad."

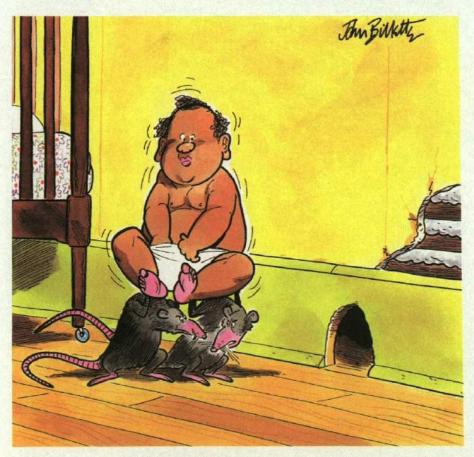
'Make it a double," said Leo, attempting to put a little conviviality into Rawlings's tone. "No . . . a triple. In fact, just give me the whole fuckin' bottle." Leo was not a man who could be kept down by the face of impending doom. He smiled greasily. Melody or Melanie handed him a bottle of distilled spirits.

"Leo," said Rawlings, smiling fraternally, "you've got nerve wearing those jeans out where people can see you. I bet it'd be impossible to squeeze even a single dollar bill into your pockets without splitting a seam. But that cashmere sweater you're wearing might easily hide a .38."

Leo mugged, sucked a big swig out of the bottle and lifted his downey-soft cashmere, revealing pasty, loosely hanging flesh.

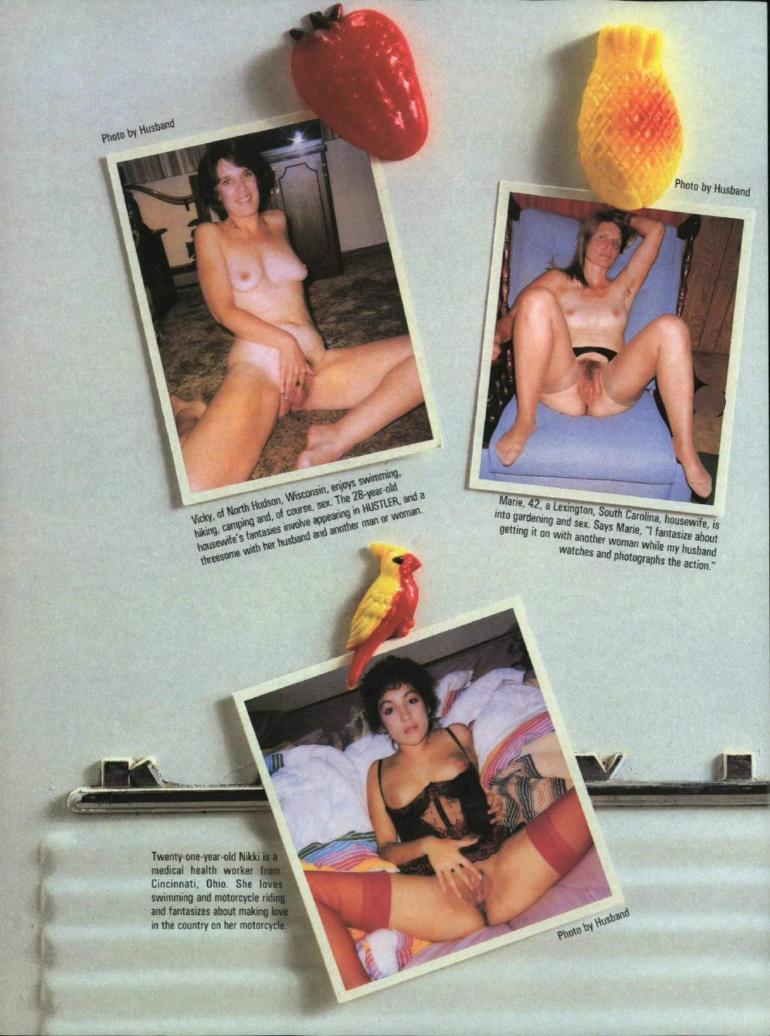
"I'm glad to see there's no gun there, Leo. I can't help noticing, though, that you don't have a quarter million dollars strapped to your body. Is this your way of telling me you haven't got my money?"

"Gerry, darling, it is only with the most inexpressable regret that I must now say what must now be said." Leo was not only becoming unbearably smug about what must now be said, he was also becoming (continued on page 86)



"It'll never fit. We'll just have to eat it here!"







A VERY HAPPY MAN (continued from page 82)

As a finger inched into his asshole, Rawlings seized her hand and placed the loaded .22 semi-automatic into it.

overwhelmingly drunk. "I can't give you what I don't have. If I had it, I'd turn it over. But, you see, there's a problem. Someone's snatched the payment and run off without a trace. Now, I'm not sure if my life is hanging in the balance here, Ger, love, but I think you can see I'd be quite hopeless at hunting down the thief. But I don't think you expect me to." Leo paused to suck more cunning out of the bottle.

"I'm with you so far, Leo," said Gerry, speaking as if he were matching the ante in a nickle-dime poker game. "Finish your pitch. See if I can keep up with you."

Leo took another big suck of 80 proof. "The way I look at it, I've done my part. I arranged the transaction, provided the goods and sent out a billing. I orchestrated the entire quarter-million-dollar extravaganza. I might even be in line for a little commission, eh, Gerry, sweetie? But I'm willing to forego that. In short and in final, I fucked up; it's all yours from here on out. Take it away, Shecky." Leo upended the jug and collapsed into his chair, shaken with uncontrollable giggles.

"Well, Leo, before you go into convul-

sions, there's a question I would like you to answer. Who took the money?"

"I called and checked around. Everybody paid up cash to the messenger."

"And what does the messenger say?"
"That's just it. She's disappeared!"
"She"

"Has this ever happened to you? The whore ran off with the money. What's a motherfucker to do? I guess I'd beat her with a clothes hanger, if the cunt would just show up."

"Leo, is this your wife you're talking about? You must have some idea where she is."

"Gerry, cuddles, it's a safe bet to say she isn't anywhere behind the Iron Curtain. Other than that, I don't know. You find her, whatever's left, it's yours. You can take her too, the cunt. I'm through with her."

"One last question, Leo." Rawlings leaned in intently. "What's this cunt's name anyway?"

When they were alone, Rawlings strode into the study and stood over the wide-eyed, hog-tied woman. She was propped in front of a video monitor that showed an excellent view of the living room, vacant now except for the bottle emptied by Leo.

Rawlings removed his shirt and pants. She was naked except for her trusses. "Did the picture come in clear enough for you?" he asked. The glow of so much control was very becoming on him.

He rearranged her bonds, removed the gag and sat her up on the sofa. He stood in front of her, and she motioned him forward. He placed his hand on the back of her neck and pulled her onto his rapidly swelling piece, filling her throat with bulging meat. Her eyes had glazed over with a new ecstasy and surrender. Her head drew back rapidly, then came forward again; his cock disappeared into her face, then rematerialized, disappeared and rematerialized.

Rawlings reached down and loosened the bonds about her wrists. She cupped his balls, gently massaging her saliva into the hairy sacs, rolling his testes lovingly between her soft palms. Her lips joined her long, manicured fingers in tickling the sensitive underside area leading to his anus, then ran up his shaft, sucked in the head and shot down toward the base again. She slid the side of a hand into the crack of his ass.

As a finger inched into his asshole, Rawlings seized her free hand and placed the loaded .22 semi-automatic into it. He let go and ran his hands over her face. He eased her head off his cock and leaned back so that his rod quivered six inches in front of her face.

As her finger slid in and out of his rectum, huge globs of thick, burning cum shot out of his rod and splattered her blissed face. The .22 dropped to the carpet. The woman collapsed onto the sofa, as if in a faint.

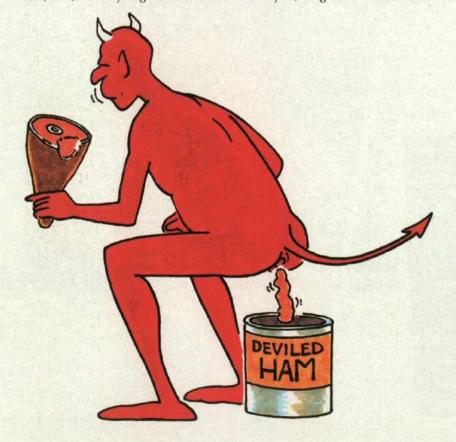
"Who owns ya, baby?" cracked Rawlings as he retied her hands. "I think I must be the happiest man in the world."

A buzzer sounded. There was somebody at the front door. Rawlings jumped into his trousers and adjusted his hair.

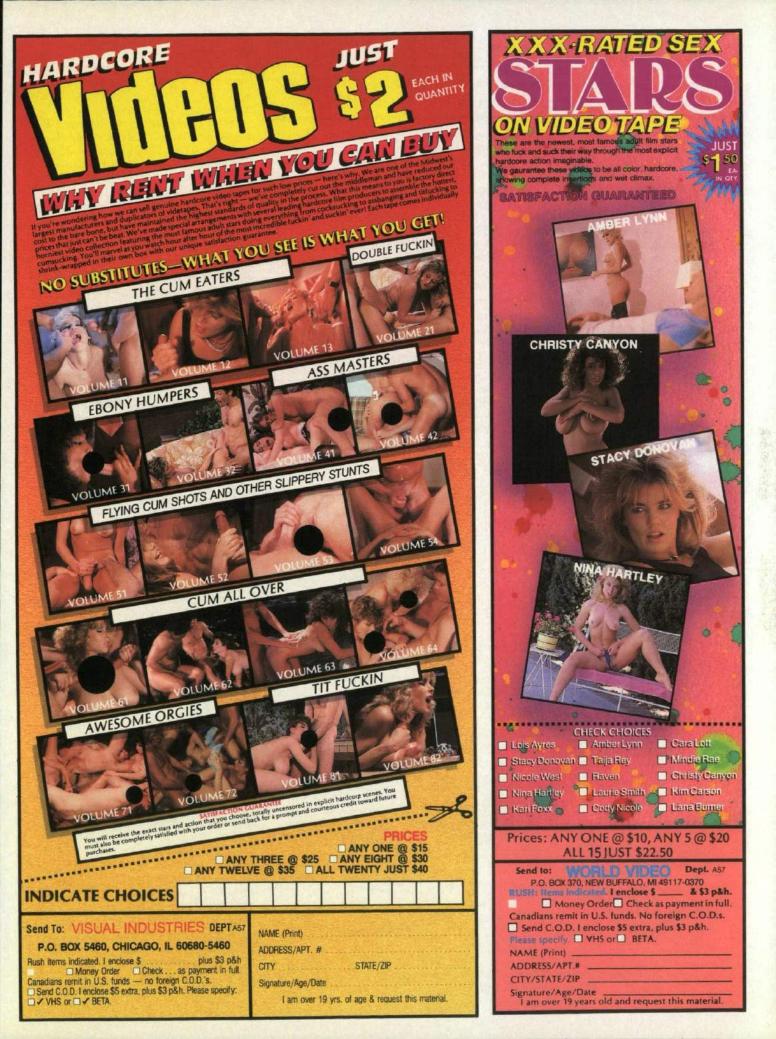
"Hang loose, baby. Don't go anywhere. It's probably your first visitor."

Rawlings rushed off to the front door, whisked along on wings of control.

Outside, waiting impatiently in the predawn chill, is Luigi Sardo, an unsmiling man whose self-importance takes precedence over any expected customer of Rawlings. Luigi packs a big pistol and is flanked by two very large and very serious-looking subhumans who resemble a matched set of torpedoes. Luigi is in charge of a very self-important gambling concession, and he has just heard about some loser taking receipt of a big-money wager in a sector he controls, without playing him in on the action.



DWAINE TINELEY?



SCANDINAVIAN SEX (continued from page 38)

Norman has been invited to one of Denmark's sex clubs-where couples can amuse themselves all night.

the thinnest, most transparent quality. Although Norman still has the sweet smell of Elisabeth's body in his nostrils. he has other things to think about.

We begin the evening with a few drinks at the Queen's Pub. Norman very soon gets tied up with Hanne, a 20-year-old beauty from Solrod Strand, a suburb of Copenhagen. With few preliminaries, she invites Norman to join her some night to go to a Sauna club not far from where she lives.

I give Norman a nudge and a discreet nod. He catches on and says he'll be glad to. He agrees to meet her the following night. He's curious, of course, about what he's getting himself into, but Hanne just laughs vaguely. I decide to let Norman live on for the moment in his ignorance.

Norman has, in fact, just been invited to one of Denmark's most exclusive sex clubs-to Jeanette and Jorgen Jorgensen's-where married or casual couples can amuse themselves all night long.

Our first night in Copenhagen turns out to be a single, long study in sex. We start out at the Wonder Bar, located on

Studiestraede, at the appropriate number, 69. This is the hangout of Copenhagen's more youthful hookers, most of them fresh, happy and willing to take on any men prepared to pay 75 to 100 dollars for a night.

Norman drinks gin and tonics while talking with a number of the girls. My firm advice keeps him from inviting one of the girls back to the hotel. Sex is free in summer Scandinavia.

At the Waterloo, at G1 Kongeve 7, it is amateur stripper's night. A dozen or so cute Danish girls dance their clothes off and accept expensive drinks offered them by the men at the bar. Norman has a few more gin and tonics.

Istegade is the street that never gave up. During the German occupation of Copenhagen, the Germans never really managed to get full control over this boulevard. Today, 40 years later, it is the number-one sex street in the city. Sex clubs and porn shops line the whole street, while hookers stroll the sidewalk waiting to turn a few tricks.

All the drinks have lifted Norman's spirits higher than ever, and he finds it

"Good evening, America. This is your President with my weekly 'Fireside Chat'. . . . '

hard to believe when I point out that this particular street is not among the safest areas in the Royal Danish capital. You can easily lose your wallet or, if you're really unlucky, your clothes as well.

We slip into one of the bars-the Pikant-where six very slightly clad girls sell porn films, sex aids and magazines. Norman orders his last gin and tonic for the evening. Tonight he'll be sleeping alone.

We're sitting in the Bonaparte, one of Copenhagen's most fashionable discos. Norman tells me about his night with Hanne at Solrod Strand. Completely unprepared, he landed in an orgy, together with ten other couples. Hanne had used Norman as a pass to get into the clubonly couples are allowed. Then they had eagerly joined in the fun and games.

As he tells me this tale, Norman is somewhat bewildered. Hanne has given him a long list of places he absolutely must visit in Copenhagen. Included are Annabel's and Tordenskjold, two of the town's best discos, where the women are beautiful, willing and especially charmed by visitors from abroad.

Hanne also had Hawaii on her list. This spot is on the corner of Vestebrogade and Oehlenschlagerade, and here the guests can watch porn films in the company of the club's hostesses.

Hanne had underlined the Kakadu twice. This is Copenhagen's classic hooker hangout, where nobody gets in without a well-filled wallet and a tie. She had also listed On Te Rox (Pilestraede 12-14), Copenhagen's "in" cafe; Madame Arthur (Lavendelstraede 15), which has a drag show and the city's best disco music; Exalon (Fredriksbergsgade 20) and Vin & Olgod (Skindergade 45), where you can dance and search out a free partner for the night.

Norman says he wants to travel on to Oslo. I just laugh and tell him he's better off to stay where he is. Oslo, the capital of Norway, is Scandinavia's "third world" when it comes to sex. I tell him the classic anecdote Swedes always tell when they try to explain how things are regarding sex in Norway. When an SAS plane lands at Oslo's Fornebu airport, the air hostesses are said to announce: "Welcome to Oslo. Please set your watches back ten years."

"That's just what I need," Norman says, but can't resist lifting his glass to the lovely, dark-haired Danish girl sitting at the table opposite us.

"I think I'll go to Oslo."

A few days later, back in Stockholm, I get a postcard from Oslo, Norway. It's from "Norman and Sissle." According to the card, "She's blond and the most beautiful girl I've ever seen."

Maybe Norway's not so bad after all.

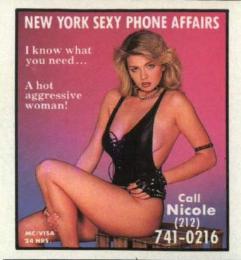
Jun Billetta



"Naw, you won't get pregnant. That's just pus from my gonorrhea. . . . "











LIVE GIRLS from Noon - 3 A.M.

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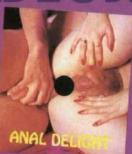




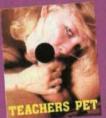








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- 27. GIRLS BEST FRIEND
- 28. SURFER SUCKOFF 29. CUM ALL OVER 30. DOUBLE FLICKED

- 28. SURFER SUCKUFF
 29. CUM ALL OVER
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- 19. STICKY CUNT HAIRS GRAD GIRL
- CREAM ON MY CHERRY CLASSROOM ORGY FIRST PIECE OF ASS
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 - SHOW ME YOURS TENDER AND TIGHT
- COOKIES FOR SALE **BACKSEAT BEGINNERS**

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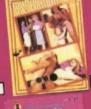
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INSIDE BIKER WORLD (continued from page 52)

Rule 1: Show respect for someone, and you'll get it back. Start shit, and it will come back tenfold.

they don't make you sleep in the wet spot.)

Yeah, sometimes the T-shirt contest can be entertaining.

Now, I'm not saying you can get away with anything, but if you don't start no shit, you won't get no shit.

Laconia, New Hampshire-second week in June

This event is based around a road race in the town of Louden, New Hampshire, and an estimated 50,000 people come to party. As with Daytona and Sturgis, this is an open event, and spectators encounter very little trouble unless they start it. There are a lot of clubs on hand, and each year there is plenty of hoopla in the papers about fights and the like. In actuality, the reports are blown way out of proportion.

Rumors of gang-bangs spread each year, but in reality—as in a 1981 incident—what was simply a girl's desire to set a new sexual record hit the papers as a gang-rape. This cute little blonde started on a Friday night taking on all comers and kept at it all weekend long. The same young lady was found a few months later

92

at the Sturgis Black Hills Motor Classic in City Park, with a line a mile long (well, at least 10 deep whenever we checked). So the stories of gang-rapes are pretty well exaggerated, but there's always some fun to be had.

Most local bike events are sponsored by legislative organizations for bikers such as ABATE, a nationwide network of state organizations that look out for bikers' rights, the Modified Motorcycle Association (MMA) and the American Motorcyclist Association (AMA).

These events are usually open to the public. They go on almost every weekend in every part of the country. These fundraisers usually include games and contests set up for the riders, and it seems as if every one has a wet-T-shirt competition that turns into a get-naked contest. All except the AMA events, which are totally family-oriented. The AMA always seems to skip the enjoyment of a good get-naked contest.

The way most people perceive bikers comes from old movies like *The Wild One*, which has about as much basis in reality as *Star Wars*. Bikers don't burn down

towns or rape the sheriff's daughter, unless she wants to join in the fun and games-and that ain't rape.

Recently, the Vagos Motorcycle Club was trying to put on a benefit run for a children's rehabilitation center in Desert Hot Springs, California. They'd put one on each year for three years, and there'd never been a problem. But this year the Gestapo (police), deciding that all bikers were drug dealers and gunrunners, refused Vagos the right to put on the benefit. Letters from the center, the parents of the children and the children themselves tried to convince the police to let the bikers come, but the cops stood fast.

So the club put on the run anyway. With ABC News, three newspapers and two magazines on hand, they rode through town. True to his word, the police chief had called in the gang squadspecial deputies and federal agents. They videotaped each biker and photographed him along with his license plate "for their files."

A few weeks later, the Hell's Angels had a benefit run for the president of their San Diego chapter, who'd been arrested on some trumped-up charges. In the town of Ramona, outside San Diego, more than 100 police units from the state and federal government stopped every biker that showed up. These people had been invited to the run, but the establishment did everything in its power to stop the event.

The guidelines for attending a run and staying out of trouble are pretty simple, and are very basic-just like in the establishment.

Rule 1: You get what you give. Show respect for someone, and you'll get it back. Start shit, and it will come back tenfold. The strength of a club lies in the fact that they are all brothers. If one brother is insulted, they're all insulted. They don't take insults lightly.

Rule 2: Don't go if you're not invited. You wouldn't go to a Kiwanis Club picnic if not invited; so why would you go to a bike club where you're not invited?

Rule 3: Don't fuck with another man's property. That means his bike, his woman or his patch. It shows disrespect, and you can refer to Rule 1 for what will happen then.

Rule 4: Don't go acting like King Shit just because you may have been invited to a club run. A guest is just that. A guest. Not a member. If you start something with a nonmember, don't expect the club to get into it. It's not their problem. Chances are they'll thump you for causing problems at their event. Refer to Rule 1.

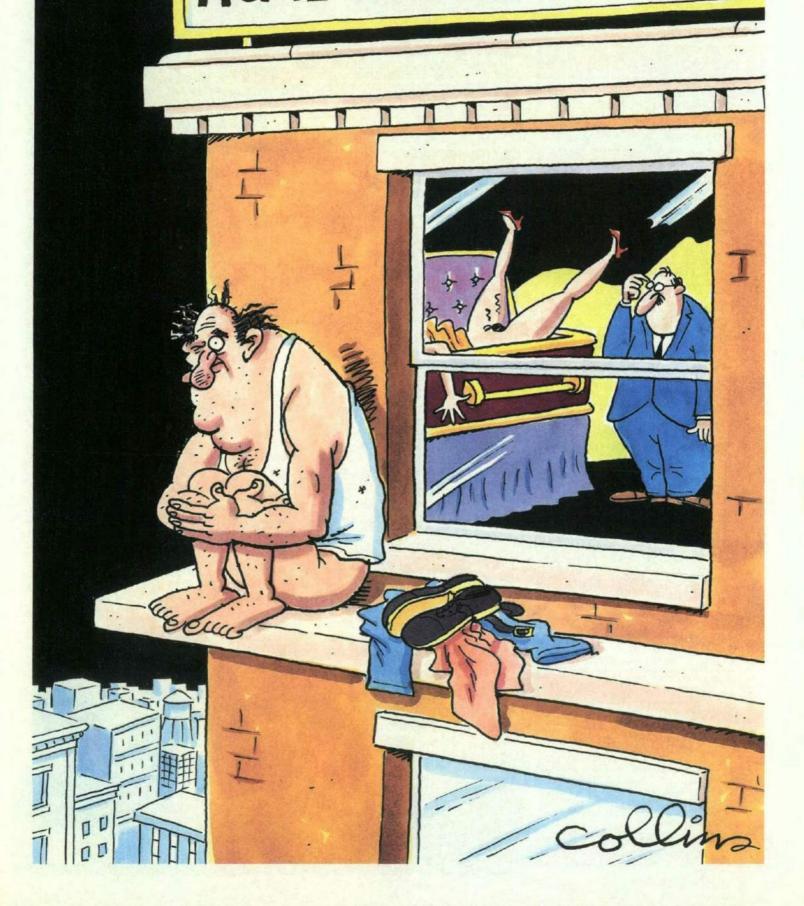
Rule 5: When in doubt, refer to Rule 1 . . . ALWAYS!

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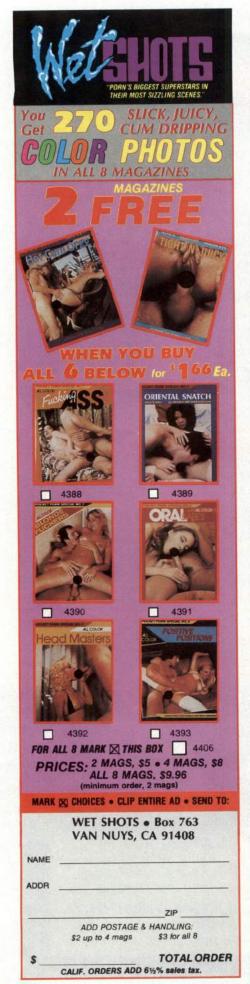
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FREE-FREE If you order all 20 selections, you will receive, ABSOLUTELY FREE, the "California Sex Spectacular," our collector's edition video-tape of the Best of Sex, featuring no less than 25 of your favorite stars in the wildest, hottest action you'll ever see. Sold nationally for \$99, but yours FREÉ for ordering all 20.

FREE TICKETS-For each title you order, you'll receive FREE Souvenir Tickets for two to the local theater premiere.

CHOOSE FROM THESE SELECTIONS IN THIS APPLICATION/SURVEY FORM You MUST fill out & return this application form along with the entire ad to be eligible for this offer.

These XXX film treatments were written & conceived for big-name casts in the tradition of stars like these

■ 1. "JAMMING IT"—Wild female rock group that excels on the "skin flute"! Seka, John Holmes. 2. "FAST & FURIOUS"-Marilyn Chambersstock-car racer with lust in high gear!

3. "CHERRY ORCHARD GIRLS"-2 city girls get cherries plucked on farm! Anna Ventura, Pia Snow. 4. "ONE FOOT FROM HEAVEN"—12-inch candle turns teacher into a slut! Jesie St. James.

5. "SLIPPERY WHEN WET"-Lisa De Leeuw & Rhonda Jo Petty as female mud wrestlers!

AS PART OF A MOST UNUSUAL PUBLICITY 6. "LET ME SHOW YOU HOW"-Bridget Monet, private masseuse who massages "love muscles"! 7. "TIGHT SITUATIONS"-2 sexy girls compete for "tightest fit" prize! Annette Haven, Oral Annie.

8. "ALL THE WAY UP"—Swinger's club located

in elevator of high-rise! Veronica Hart, Eric Edwards. 9. "DEEP INSIDE TRIXI"-Porn's hottest new star- up close & personal! Trixi Lane, Harry Reems. ☐ 10. "FREQUENCY GIRLS"—Female DJ's play rock—crazy for cock! Crystal Waters, Heather Wayne.

☐ 11. "THE ROD SQUAD"—Sexy private-eyes with wide-open thighs! Amber Lynn, Marc Wallice.

12. "PEACHES 'N' CREME"—Beautiful coed

screws her way through college! Erica Boyer.

13. "GOING DOWN"—World's hottest porno stars featured in cum-spurting oral sex! Trixi Lane, Seka.

☐ 14. "LOVE CLONES"—Mad scientist creates ideal woman: obedient, cock-starved! Tiffany Clark. ☐ 15. "CATERED AFFAIRS"—Unique deli caters to satisfying sexual appetites! Ron Jeremy, Kari Fox. ☐ 16. "HEAD NURSE"—Cock-hungry nurses at

'Genital Hospital' ! Amber Hunt.

☐ 17. "WET SOCKETS"—Horny female electricians create sexual sparks! Jessica Woods, Joey Silvera. ■ 18. "NIGHT KISSES"—Candy store by day, a whorehouse by night! Joanna Storm, Peter North.

☐ 19. "A TASTE OF GINGER"—Ginger Lynn at her hottest & wettest! Tom Byron, Kevin James.

☐ 20. "TRIPLE PENETRATION"—Porno superstars pleasing 3 men at once! Trixi Lane, Ginger Lynn.

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☐ OFFER B: 12 Selections @ \$3.95 ea. \$47.40 Get Volume Discount on Shipping Charges! .\$ 2.52 (We ship all 12 for only 21¢ each)... SAVE! (YOU SAVE \$9.36!) ENCLOSE: \$49.92

OFFER C: All 20 Selections, \$3.95 ea. . . \$79.00 PLUS Spectacular Bonus Videotape FREE FRFF PLUS We pay all shipping charges . . . SAVE! (YOU SAVE \$19.80!) ENCLOSE: \$79.00

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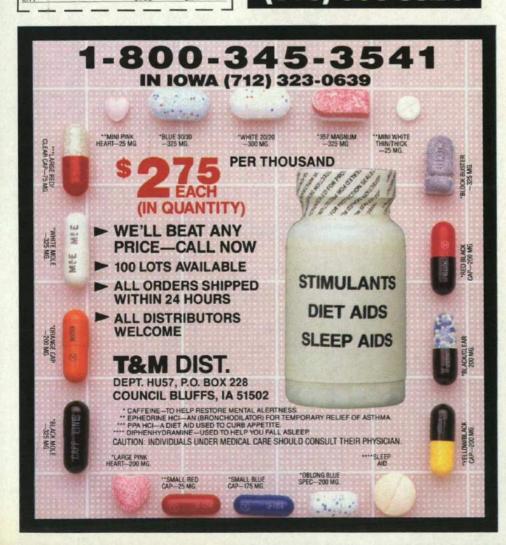
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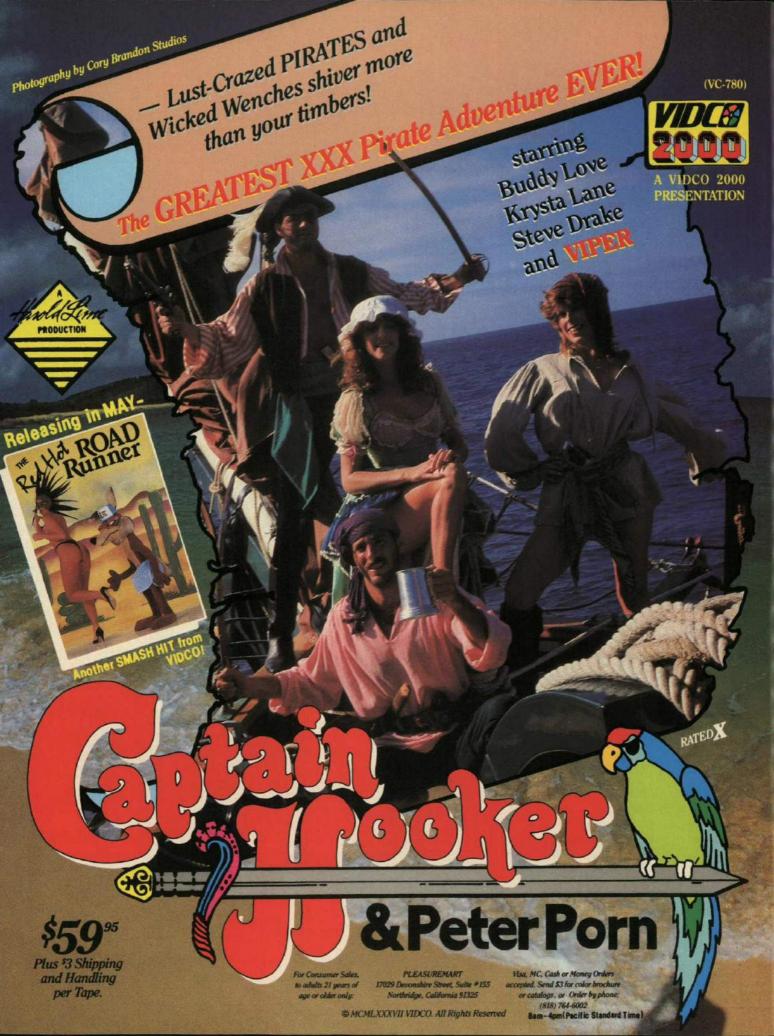
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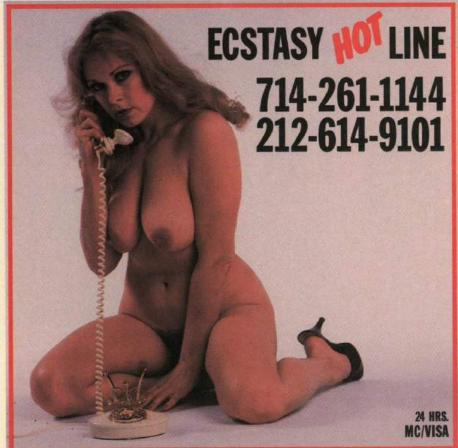
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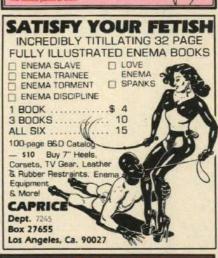
























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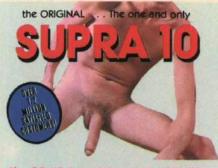


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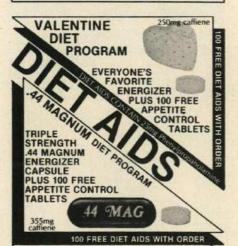
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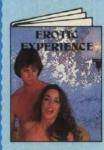
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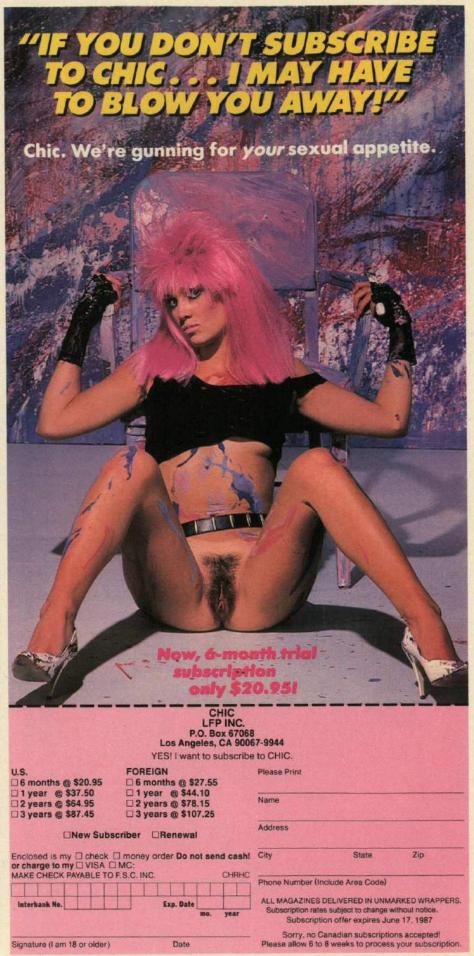


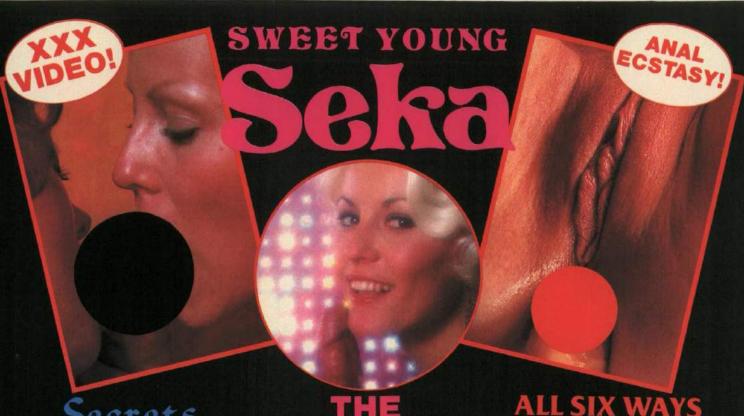
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STRIPPED DOWN FOR SUMMER

The June brides of HUSTLER will get your summer off to a redhot start. Witness a voluptuous fire-eater who bites off more than she can chew with a flaming phallus. Our femme fatale centerfold is a gay Parisienne who could cure any man of homo notions. Then see if William tells when a pair of pert-pupped archers pull each other's strings. Your beaker will bubble-over when you witness a doctor and his aide engage in laboratory lust.

FAREWELL FUN CAPITAL

For years the center of New York sex action—from sleaze to sophisticated sensuality—Times Square is fast becoming a hotbed of executive office buildings. It's too late to save anything but the sordid memories that Articles Editor Allan MacDonell brought back from the rotten core of the Big Apple in his report "Goodbye Times Square Sex."

ANTES FOR PANTIES

The main reason that poker tournaments are springing up like fast-food franchises is the big money to be won. Felt-topped tables aren't the only place the term "stud" applies, as reporter Rick Lanning elaborates on poker groupies found wherever the stakes are high in "Poker Playoffs for Pots and Pussy."

WELL, WE'LL BE DICKED

First-rate caricaturist Tom Hachtman illustrates Mike Barnes and Michael Reilly's exploration of slang names for our wangs in "Cockamamy Slang." In Julian Zav's fiction debut in HUSTLER, a hockey ruffian gets some slick treatment after hours in "Morgan's Night Out."

PLUS

The usually unusual, iconoclastically nonconforming off-the-wall madness of Bits & Pieces, HUSTLER Humor and great cartoons; insightful and arousing adult-film-and-video reviews in HUSTLER Erotic Entertainment; steamy correspondence in Hot Letters; and the best women in the world, also known as Beaver Hunt.



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